

THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 631.—Vol. XXIV.

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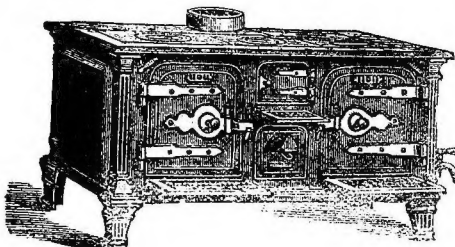
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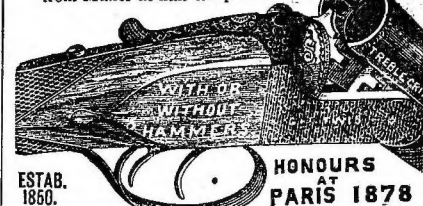
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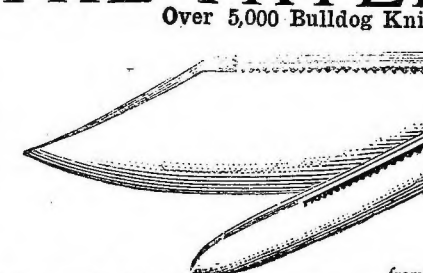
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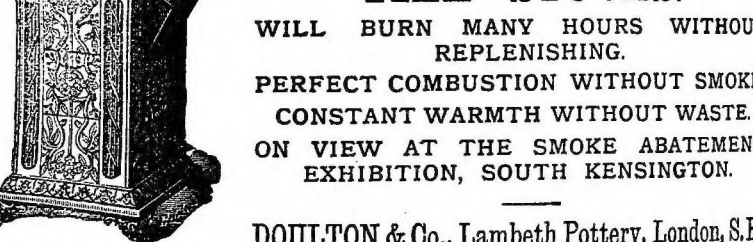
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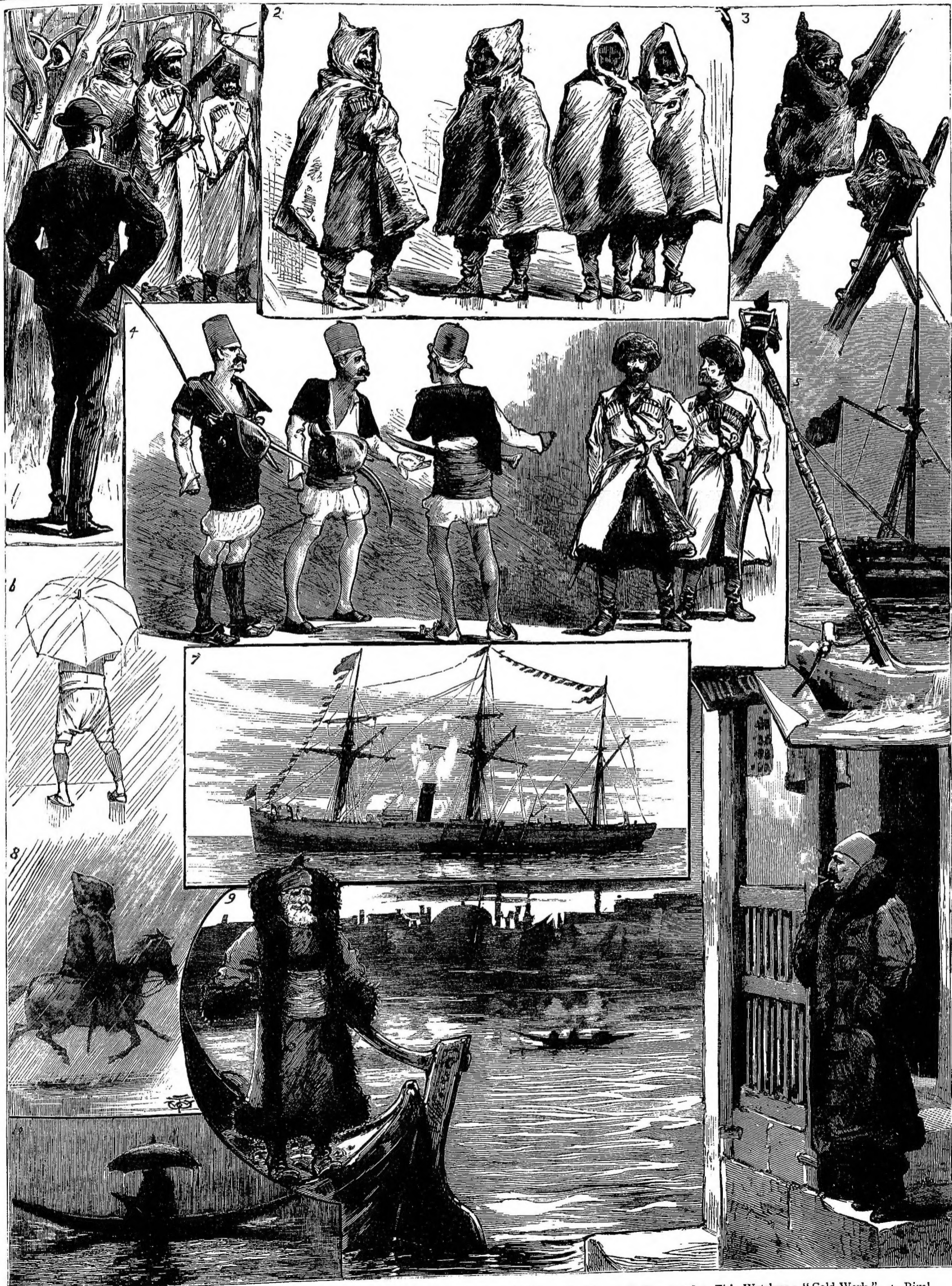
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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

NO. 631.—VOL. XXIV.
Regd. at General Post Office as a Newspaper

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1881

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1. Circassian "Conveyancers;" "He Does Not Like the Look of Them."—2. Old Warriors who Know the Way to do It.—3 and 5. Fish Watchers: "Cold Work."—4. Rival Spadassins: Klephts and Circassians.—6. A Hammal.—7. In the Golden Horn: The SS. *Sardinian* and *Stormcock*.—8. A Zaptieh.—9. Coxswain of a Market Caique and a Prosperous Official.—10. A Caique.

WINTER NOTES IN THE BOSPHORUS

Eighteen-Eighty-One.

GENERAL SURVEY.—Two terrible crimes—the murder of the blameless President by the miscreant Guiteau and the assassination of the Emancipator Czar by the Nihilist conspirators—would alone suffice to render memorable a year which has otherwise been somewhat barren of stirring political events, although darkened beyond the average of ordinary years by deaths which may justly be accounted national bereavements, and calamitous accidents which, in more than one instance, have reached the height of veritable national disasters. The assassination of President Garfield may perhaps be dismissed as a purely exceptional enormity. The murder of the Czar has deeper import as at once a symptom of a deep-seated, and it may even be incurable, disease in the social framework of one of the greatest Continental Powers, and an event which, by bringing into closer union the more Conservative monarchies of the Old World, may lead to fresh alliances and combinations still further affecting the balance of power. Elsewhere, with only rare exceptions, the past twelve months have left no radical change. Once more, as in 1880, it has been our own unenviable lot to attract in an unusual degree the attention of the world. Yet even for us the departing year closes in many respects more brightly, in none more gloomily, than it began. Despite another unfavourable harvest, the return of commercial prosperity, for all except the landed interest, has been uninterrupted. The evacuation of Candahar and the triumph of the Ameer over his rival, Ayoub Khan, have terminated for the time anxieties and responsibilities on the side of Afghanistan. The struggle in the Transvaal has ended too, though many will still hesitate to apply to its close Lord Beaconsfield's famous phrase of "peace with honour." Even the seemingly interminable Irish difficulty, the gravest and the most embarrassing of all—for its issue may decide for many generations whether the sister kingdom shall remain an unhealed wound, or become a source of health and strength to the great body of the Empire—is at least not more formidable than twelve months ago. To France the first half-hesitating attempt at foreign enterprise since 1870 has brought in the Tunisian War a burden and a discouragement, of which M. St. Hilaire but little dreamed when he light-heartedly upheld the masterful policy of M. Roustan. The sufferings of the unacclimatised troops, the unexpected inefficiency of the arrangements for the campaign, the inglorious alternation, inevitable in such a war, of exhausting marches and petty skirmishes, have produced among the French public a painful impression which has not been lessened by a secret belief that the Government has been to some extent the tool of clever speculators in Tunisian securities. Even the pleasure of discomfiting the Italians, whose anti-French intrigues were undoubtedly as provoking to the masters of Algeria as were Russian plottings in Afghanistan to ourselves, has been dearly bought by the very real estrangement thus brought about between the two leaders of the Latin races, and by the suspicion everywhere engendered that France needs only the power, not the will, to be as aggressive under the Republic as ever she was beneath the Empire. To none, however, not even to the Italians, has the practical annexation of Tunis by the French been more distasteful than to the Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid, whose dreams—half mystic, half ambitious—of a protectorate over all the Moslem world have been thus rudely shaken. Had Turkey been in any way a match for France it is possible that her displeasure would have been shown in some more cogent form than the despatch, as a precautionary step, of a few regiments to Tripoli. How far these visions of a union of all Islam have any substantial support among Mahomedans is somewhat doubtful. In Egypt any revival of Turkish ascendancy would be unquestionably opposed by the autonomists, who hate "the Circassians" quite as much, while they fear them less than the Western Frank. But there can be no doubt that Abd-ul-Hamid himself would gladly thwart his former friends both in the case of Tunis and of Egypt. His vague hopes, indeed, of some support from Germany—hopes wildly exaggerated, but not perhaps quite without some secret encouragement from a statesman who despises no tool, small or great, which may serve his turn on any future occasion—of themselves sufficiently attest his wishes. The Pope, too, like the Sultan, has turned of late appealing looks to the same Germany which a year ago was his worst enemy, and like the Sultan possibly deludes himself with hopes of assistance which may never be rendered. No overt fact has yet transpired to show that the great Chancellor may be willing to compound for his own reluctance to make the journey to Canossa by compelling others to go there in his stead, and may thus attempt to relieve the Vatican from its present embarrassments by some device of a new "international guarantee." But the anxious utterances of the Ministerial press in Italy and the unwonted strength of the language used in recent Papal Allocutions are alike good evidence of the hopes and fears which the mere suspicion of such a project has awakened. Only one other Power—and that beyond the Atlantic—has conspicuously overstepped this year the narrow circle of purely domestic concerns. Mr. Blaine's despatch, declaring the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty no longer applicable to our changed times, and asserting that the United States could not permit a joint protectorate of the European Powers over the future inter-oceanic canal, pushes the Monroe Doctrine beyond all reasonable limits; while the tone of his attempted intervention between Chili and Peru—exaggerated possibly by the "too much zeal" of his subordinates—looks very like a tentative effort to claim for the Union the high rank of arbiter in all disputes from Canada to Cape Horn.

HOME AFFAIRS.—The failure of the State trials, the increasing boldness of the Land Leaguers, and the progress of agrarian crime showed clearly at the beginning of the year that Government, however Liberal, would require to be armed with extraordinary powers. Of the introduction of a Coercion Act, and the historic forty-two hours' sitting, in which the followers of Mr. Parnell were finally overwhelmed by the decision of the Speaker to put the question to the House without more ado, it is needless now to speak. This preliminary work achieved, the energies of the untiring Premier were devoted to the passing of the new Land Bill—

a remedial measure whose drastic nature is more indisputable than its economic soundness. By the irreconcilables it was accepted as an instalment only, and the new cry set up of "No Rent" at all or rent merely for the "prairie" value of the land. The gauntlet thus thrown down was promptly taken up by the Government. One after another Land League associations have been broken up, their leading members arrested and sent to prison, seditious newspapers seized, and, lastly, even the new Ladies' Leagues subjected to the same stern repression. Meanwhile the tenant farmers, above all in Ulster, are crowding into the Land Courts, and rents are very generally reduced from 25 to 50 per cent. Much uncertainty, however, must still prevail until the Court of Appeal shall have decided some test cases, and there are still whole districts in the South and West where all payment of rent is persistently refused, and honest men live under a reign of terror. The increasing disposition of Irish jurors to return verdicts of guilty in agrarian trials may possibly be accepted as a sign that the more sensible farmers are prepared to rest satisfied with Mr. Gladstone's Bill, and are wearying of an agitation which without American supplies might die in a few weeks of inanition. But the class hatreds which have been so recklessly aroused must long exert a baleful influence, and the wholesale reduction of existing rents will not be simply the tenants' gain, but in a vast number of cases the labourers' as well as the landlords' loss. In the presence of this great attempt to redress for ever the real or imaginary wrongs of Ireland all other measures were necessarily held over. To limit the excessive freedom of debate by the introduction of the *cloture*, or some similar remedy, will clearly be among the first efforts of Ministers in the coming Session, while some modicum of relief will not improbably be required for those Scotch and English farmers whose losses in a sequence of disastrous years have exceeded those of their Irish neighbours. But neither in the House nor in the country is the Ministerial majority quite so strong or confident as it was, though the regretted death of Lord Beaconsfield early in the year deprived the Opposition at the most critical moment of the one leader who could have turned to the best account the errors or the misfortunes of an adversary. Mr. Bradlaugh's persevering efforts to force his way into the House scarcely stirred the country more than the ridiculous Fenian attempts to blow up the Mansion House and the Liverpool Town Hall. The magnificent parade of 52,000 English Volunteers before the Queen at Windsor in July, and of 40,674 Scotch and Border-men in the ensuing month at Edinburgh were proofs of the efficiency of our citizen army, which none were more prompt to recognise than professional soldiers of home and foreign distinction.

INDIA AND THE COLONIES.—The withdrawal of the British garrison from Candahar in April left the rulers of Cabul and Herat to contend with each other for the capital of Southern Afghanistan. Fortune, after each had won a battle, not by the valour of his own men, but by the desertion in the heat of action of a portion of his opponent's forces, declared eventually for the Ameer. The unfortunate Ayoub, unable even to maintain himself at Herat, and now interned in Persia, has vanished from the stage of Afghan politics. The conquests of Skobeleff among the Tekkè Turkomans, and the rumoured submission of the chiefs of Merv—events which a short time back would have stricken India to the heart—have fallen now upon regardless ears. British Burmah is far more important for the nonce than Central Asia, and the attempts of Lord Ripon to facilitate commercial intercourse with King Theebaw's dominions a great deal more interesting than Cossack raids among the nomads of the steppes. The story of the Transvaal War is a much less agreeable reminiscence. Successive defeats at Laing's Nek, Ingogo, and Majuba Hill, the result in part of disastrous over-confidence, but in part too of individual inferiority to practised marksmen like the Boers, were but half redeemed by the respectable defence of beleaguered garrisons at Pretoria and Standerton. The terms of the Convention were fair enough, and the firmness of Sir Evelyn Wood, who had succeeded the unfortunate Colley, averted more than one petty slight which the Boers in the hour of victory were disposed to offer to our flag. A war which might have arrayed Dutch and English throughout Southern Africa in opposing camps was thus concluded before the flames could spread. But the issue even so has left behind much bitterness of feeling both among the natives and the imperial race, obliged so unexpectedly to succumb, and many questions which may one day call for a settlement. In North America, Lord Lorne's Western tour and a disastrous fire at Quebec; in Australasia, the bloodless arrest (to prevent new troubles) of the once formidable native chief, Te Whiti, are all that has occurred to diversify a chronicle of placid uneventful progress.

EASTERN EUROPE.—Those who had hoped that Loris Melikoff had broken the strength of the Russian Nihilists were soon to be terribly undeceived. All through the winter the conspirators had been maturing their plans, and on the 13th of March, while returning from the Sunday afternoon parade of the Imperial Guard, the well-meaning and patriotic Czar was slain under circumstances all must well remember by the explosive bombs of Rysakoff and his accomplices. The accession of Alexander III. has made but little outward change. The Liberal Melikoff has given way to the less Liberal, but more Nationalist, Ignatieff. Commissions have been appointed for departmental reforms, and plans prepared for the relief of the peasantry, still deeply in arrears for the redemption money of their lands, and further suffering from a succession of bad seasons. An enterprising foreign policy is out of favour. Kuldja has been given back to the Chinese; poor Skobeleff was scarcely thanked for his victory at Geok Tepe, and the "pacific conquest" of Merv will mark the limits of Russian advances towards India. The old informal alliance with Germany was once more confirmed at the Dantzig interview, and Austria, it is believed, has been given to understand that the plans of Russia in the south-east of Europe will not cross her own. But within the heavily-burdened Empire the three great currents of opinion, Nationalist, Moderate Liberal, Progressist, are still contending for the mastery; while Nihilism, if hitherto unsuccessful, and distinctly now in opposition to the main stream of public opinion, is reckless and adventurous as ever, and but for timely discovery would have repeated on the recent Feast of St. George the tragedy of March. In Poland and in Southern Russia the persecution of the Jews goes on as bitterly, and with far more of outward violence than in Germany.

The fears of war between Greece and Turkey, and of the consequent re-opening of the Eastern Question, proved less well-founded than many had at first believed. M. St. Hilaire's warning that the conclusions of the Berlin Conference were "suggestions" only on the part of the Great Powers, not "demands," and that Greece, if she went to war, would stand alone, though outwardly slighted by the Cabinet of M. Coumoundouros, made really a profound impression. By the time Mr. Goschen had reached Constantinople, it was clear to the initiated that the question after all was a matter of hard bargaining—the Porte in the end (partly, perhaps, because it wished to have its hands free in the face of French advances in Northern Africa) consenting to concede nearly the whole of Thessaly, and thus abandoning Larissa, but still retaining Metzovo and Janina. The evacuation of this large district, carried out in perfect faith and without any disorders of importance, has ended for a time the more pressing difficulties of the Turk in Europe. Amidst dreams of the revival of the Caliphate, Albanian struggles for autonomy, and even the extension of Austrian authority in Bosnia, are to Abdul Hamid comparatively unimportant. The trial of Midhat Pasha and others for the alleged murder of the late Abdul Aziz has at once served to put out of the way a statesman who might some day be troublesome, and to bring home to possible future plotters the conviction that Sultans, even in Turkey, cannot be assassinated with impunity.

WESTERN AND CENTRAL EUROPE.—The acceptance of office by M. Gambetta and the unnecessary Kroumir War—the two events of the year in France—have both produced a certain disappointment. The Municipal contests at the commencement of the year had again proved the weakness of reactionaries and *intransigents*. The assent of the Chamber of Deputies in the summer to M. Bardoux's Bill substituting *Scrutin de liste* for *Scrutin d'arrondissement* at future elections, seemed to crown with success the ex-Dictator's boldest calculations. But the veto of the Senate crushed at once any hopes he may have entertained of simultaneous election to the new Chamber by twenty different departments. The *intransigents* even opposed him at Belleville—divided now into two constituencies—and though they could not oust him, had at least the pleasure of making him on one occasion lose his temper, and of carrying their own man for the second seat. But the elections over all the country were a decided triumph for the *Union Républicaine*, and M. Gambetta's acceptance of the Premiership could no longer be delayed. The tameness of his programme on taking office and the composition of his Cabinet—all unknown men, save M. Bert, and he known only as a man of science and rabid enemy of the priesthood—were both a little unsatisfactory to those who expected *monts et merveilles*; and one or two slight rebuffs since taking office—the verdict in the Roustan case among the rest—have rather strengthened the sense of disappointment. But his tact and his knowledge of the constituencies are as conspicuous as ever, and his hold on the country probably as strong. The war, originally commenced under the pretext of punishing the Kroumirs, a Tunisian tribe, for sundry raids upon Algerian territory, but soon developed into an occupation of Tunis, the extortion of a Treaty from the Bey putting his country under French protection, and a campaign on a most extensive scale against the Arabs of the south, while plunging France into a sea of difficulties, and awakening profound distrust in the soundness of her recent army reforms, has placed little on the credit side of the account beyond some slight successes in the open country, the bombardment of Sfax, and the capture of "the holy city" of Kairwan. To withdraw from the rash enterprise as soon as honour will permit is undoubtedly the secret desire of the country, and not improbably of the Premier himself.

In Germany the chronic state of war between Prince Bismarck and all who differ from him—whether Parliaments or individuals—has been this year more accentuated than ever. Neither the Prince's advances towards the Clericals nor all the influence of Government at the elections have availed to give him a working majority. Even his new Commercial Parliament has turned against him, and to distrust of his semi-Socialist schemes of State provision for the working classes are added murmurs at the evil effect of high Protective Duties upon German commerce. Only in the long contest between Church and State has the tension of opposing principles been perceptibly slackened. A *modus vivendi* with Rome seems on the eve of being arranged. For anything that may be further contemplated either to gain the friendship of the Vatican or to extend the influence of Germany in the East, there seems so far no other evidence than the natural exaggeration of interested hopes and fears.

In Austria the burning of the Ring Theatre with a loss of nearly 450 lives has quite thrown into the background the less interesting feuds of Nationalists and Constitutionalists, of German and Slavonian. In Baron Haymerle the State has lost rather a useful servant than a man of strong initiative-ability. Disputes with Roumania have been amicably arranged. Were it only for commercial reasons the lesser riverine States cannot afford an enduring quarrel with the Dual Monarchy. The rumours of an understanding with Russia are probably well founded, but the attempts to introduce the Conscription into Bosnia and in the wild mountains of Crivoscia have encountered in this latter region considerable resistance. But any attempt to repeat the rising of '69 will probably be averted by the simple plan of forming a *cordon* round the district, and so starving the insurgents out.

The visit of the King of Italy to Vienna was the counter-thrust to French aggressiveness in Africa. Too much weight need not be attached to the event, for Austria, strong in the support of Germany, is not disposed to do great things for Italy, and Italy herself will be best advised in continuing for many years to pursue the modest policy which has been the distinctive aim of the present and the last Administration. Her relations with the Papacy form a more burning question. Whatever may have been the intentions of the Pope if the removal of the remains of Pio Nono to their last resting-place in San Lorenzo had been effected without disturbance, the regrettable disorders which then occurred have revived the former feelings of hostility to which insults offered to pilgrims and Bishops at the recent Canonization of three new Saints have contributed additional fuel. The situation is, in fact, becoming unendurable. But the Pope cannot do without Italy, and Italy would not willingly lose the Pope. The remedy, were the Curia well advised, would be sought

rather in ampler guarantees from the Italian State than in prayers for foreign help which may never come, or suggestions of retrocession of territory which no Italian nationalist will ever tolerate.

AMERICA.—The attempt upon the life of General Garfield—the new and still comparatively unknown President, of whom men had begun to expect very much—and the eighty days of anxious watching if haply a frame exceptionally strong could survive a seemingly mortal wound, monopolised from July to the 20th of September the attention of the public from the United States. The practical interregnum of three months was tidied over without disturbance—thanks partly to the law-abiding character of the people, and partly to the absence of any “burning questions”—and the succession to the supreme office of the late Vice-President has thus far been marked chiefly by a few changes among the *personnel* of the Administration, most notably by the retirement of Mr. Blaine, whose high-handed Circulars to foreign Powers have been already mentioned. The steady stream of general well-doing has scarcely been checked by a harvest much inferior to last year. A Treaty with China has made provision against that bugbear of the working men of the Pacific States, the unlimited influx of Chinese cheap labour. Native Americans have generally held aloof from the noisy meetings of the Americo-Irish, and sternly set their faces against the “Skirmishers” of O'Donovan Rossa; and the common mourning of the Old Country and the New over the grave of Garfield, and the salutation of the British flag at the York Town centenary—though not to be rated above their real worth—were still very much more than empty compliments.

In South America the victory of Miraflores and the occupation of Lima completed the overthrow of Peru. Pirola has fled into the interior, and Chilian troops now hold the principal positions, and have even installed a Provisional Government. But outside the headquarters of the conquerors the entire land is given over to anarchy, and Chili is already perhaps a little embarrassed by her own successes.

EGYPT.—Materially prosperous under the vigilant control of English and French administrators, Egypt has begun to heave with novel aspirations. While France and England desire solely to maintain the existing order of things, and Turkey, it is rumoured, is plotting for nothing less than the reduction of the country to a vassal province, under quinquennially-appointed Governors, the army and the native population have begun to raise the cry of “Egypt for the Egyptians.” The Assembly of Notables convened last week—the first Egyptian Parliament since Tewfik became Khedive—may soon enable us to judge more clearly of the true wants and grievances of the people. But the key of the situation is in the hands of the officers, whose *pronouncement*, headed by Colonel Araby, caused in February the dismissal of the Minister of War, and in September the overthrow of Riaz Pasha's Cabinet, and the nomination to the Premiership of the autonomist Sherif. Able as well as bold, Colonel Araby knows the limits of his strength. But who shall say how far he calculates on the chances of divergence between France and England, or of meddling on the part of other Powers?

MISCELLANEOUS.—In accidents and deaths of famous men the bygone year has been unusually prolific. Of the burning of the Ring Theatre we have already spoken. The destruction of little Elm by a gigantic landslide has been unparalleled in Swiss annals since the fate of Goldau. Earthquakes have visited Greece and Italy, and in the Ægean menaced the very existence of the Isle of Chio. In America have raged terrible forest fires, and phenomenal storms have swept the Atlantic in the autumn—while the decease of George Eliot, Thomas Carlyle, Lord Beaconsfield, Dean Stanley, Edward Street, make up a death-roll of celebrities almost unprecedented within the same space of time.

NOTICE.—The Half-Sheet this Week, though delivered in the middle of the paper, must be placed for binding between pages 664 and 673.



LYCEUM THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING. To-night at half-past eight, James Albery's Comedy, *TWO ROSIES*. Mr. Dicky Grant, Mr. Irving; Our Mr. Jenkins, Mr. David James (specially engaged), Mr. Howe, Mr. Terriss, Mr. George Alexander; Miss Winifred Emery, Miss Fanny Josephs, Mrs. Pannocott, Miss Well. Preceded at half-past seven by *THE CAPTAIN OF THE WATCH*. Messrs. Terriss, Andrews, Carter; Miss Louisa Payne and Miss Helen Matthews. Box Office (Mr. Hurst) open daily to till 5. Seats also booked by letter or telegram.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE ROYAL.—Lessee, A. GWYNETH CROWE. Under the Management of Mr. WILLIAM YOUNGE. EVERY EVENING, a Grand Christmas Pantomime, *LITTLE BO-PEEP, LITTLE DOY BLUE, AND THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN THAT LIVED IN A SHIP*, written and produced by William Younge. Morning Performances, To-day, Saturday, Dec. 31, and every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday.

SANGER'S WORLD-RENOUNDED AMPHITHEATRE, late ASTLEY'S, Westminster Bridge Road, will rank amongst the most glorious achievements of the proprietors, The Great Circus Company, the Menagerie and Gorgeous Pantomime, The Tenth Annual Christmas Pantomime. The subject chosen for the forthcoming Holidays is *BLUEBEARD*, which will embrace the whole of the English and Continental Talent of Messrs. J. and G. Sanger. The Spectacular Display in the Marriage Scene will by far eclipse any productions previously submitted to the public, and the proprietors can assert, and with an assurance that cannot be contradicted, when they announce their magnificent PANTOMIME of 1882 for elegance of the costumes, the magnificence of the scenery, the novel design of the properties, and the completeness of the whole effort, to far surpass all former efforts. Some idea may be formed when it is stated that the Company and Auxiliaries number 800 people, 50 magnificent horses, 50 of the smallest and handsomest Ponies to be found in any establishment, 100 of the Lilliputian Army, 100 Circassian Ladies, in their extravagant and Oriental costume, 50 Savages, 50 Staff-Bearers in attendance on Bluebeard, Selim and his 250 followers, in gold and silver armour, 100 Ladies-in-Waiting upon Fatima. Costumes composed solely of jewels, producing a dazzling effect perfectly bewildering; 12 Camels and 12 Drummers; the Hanoverian Creams so arranged as to resemble unicorns and the Pure White Horses of the Sun. The Marriage Procession of Bluebeard, in which will appear 20 Elephants, Zebras from Brazil. Bluebeard, Fatima, Adennia, Rollimes, Messana, Adinetta, Malionetta, Quereza, Quasmeria, all seated in magnificent array upon the back of the Monster Elephant, “Ajax.” The above-mentioned outline will be found to fall short of the actual display. There is nothing like it under the sun, the proprietors having exhausted the whole of their ideas, and after an experience of 40 years' successful management, and regardless to outlay, do pledge themselves that the Marriage of Bluebeard, being a Spectacle that affords more room for magnificence than almost any other subject, will be found as above stated to stand alone in all its wealth of wonderful attractions. TWO PERFORMANCES DAILY, Two and Seven o'clock.—Proprietors and Managers, J. and G. SANGER.

BRITANNIA THEATRE.—Every Monday at 1, and EVERY EVENING at 7, the brilliantly successful comic Pantomime, *THE ENCHANTED DUYE*, or, the Princess, the Poodle, and the Sorcerer. Mrs. S. Lane, Misses Rose Randall, Adams, Nash, Lewis, Eversleigh, Luna and Stella. Messrs. Lauri, Lewis, Bigwood, Lay, Newbound, Drayton, Tom Lovell, Lawrence, and the Bros. Wemms. Concluding with a New Comedietta.

BRIGHTON THEATRE ROYAL AND OPERA HOUSE.—Proprietress and Manager Mrs. NYE CHART.—EVERY EVENING will be produced by Mrs. Nye Chart, the Grand Christmas Pantomime, entitled, *DICK WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT*. Written by F. W. Green and Charles Millward.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
The new and magnificent Holiday Entertainment of
THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS
EVERY AFTERNOON at 3.
EVERY NIGHT “8.”
Doors open at 2.30 and 7.30.
Every West End Omnibus runs direct to the doors of St. James's Hall.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.
Special Features
In the
MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS
HOLIDAY PROGRAMME
THE NEW AND BEAUTIFUL SONGS
contained in the first part.
G. W. MOORE'S new and enormously successful Comic Songs,
THE ARCHER HAT, and
THE GOLDEN SLIPPERS.
MORRIS'S Marvellous Changes of Costume;
The new and spirited Vignette to the First Part;
WALTER HOWARD'S new Comic Song,
HEIGHO! SAYS THE SAILOR'S WIFE.
ROBERT NEWCOMB'S Specialities,
THE YANKEE PICNIC, and
THE BABY ELEPHANT.
EVERY DAY at 3.
EVERY NIGHT at 8.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.
Managers, Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain.—St. George's Hall, Langham Place. AGES AGO, by W. S. Gilbert and Frederic Clay. MASTER TOMMY'S THEATRICALS, a New Musical Sketch, by Mr. Corney Grain. Concluding with OUR DOLL'S HOUSE, revised by W. Yardley, Music by Costford Dick. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday at Eight. During Christmas Holidays, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at Three. Admission, 1s., 2s. Stalls, 3s. and 5s.

NEW SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—THE FORTY THIEVES, Christmas gorgeous Comic Pantomime. Scenery by William Calcott, Maltby, Ellerman, and assistants. Costumes by Mrs. S. May and Mrs. Norman. Watteau Ballet, arranged by Miss Hawkins. Clown, Mr. Fred Evans. Every Evening. Morning Performances every Wednesday and Saturday during the month of January.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.—The SIXTEENTH WINTER EXHIBITION IS NOW OPEN from 10 to 6. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.
Gallery, 53, Pall Mall, S.W. H. F. PHILLIPS, Secretary.

GROSVENOR GALLERY WINTER EXHIBITION.—The Winter Exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery will OPEN on DEC. 31 NEXT with a collection of watercolour drawings, and a complete collection of the works of G. F. Watts, R.A., forming the first of a series of annual winter exhibitions, illustrating the works of the most eminent living painters.

DORIS GREAT WORKS, “ECCE HOMO” (“Full of Divine dignity.”—*The Times*) and “THE ASCENSION” with “CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM,” “CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM,” and all his other great pictures at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. One Shilling.

SAVOY GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS, 115, STRAND.
NOW ON VIEW. RORKE'S DRIFT, BY A. DE NEUVILLE.
An exceedingly fine Etching. Just Published.
Also BIONDINA, BY SIR F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A. ENGRAVED BY S. COUSINS, R.A.



WINTER ON THE BOSPHORUS

To most people this sounds as genial and sunny as a hibernation in Egypt or Algeria, or Christmastide at Nice, as we depicted last week. The realisation is far from equal to the ideal, and the winter proper on the Bosphorus can be even more rigorous than on the English Channel.

Our sketches are by Mr. C. W. Cole, and illustrate some of the chief winter features of Constantinople and its neighbourhood. Of these the huge and thickly-lined coats and wraps with which all classes envelope themselves are the first to strike a stranger. The large bright fires with which we enliven our homes are never to be seen in any Turkish, Armenian, or Greek house, and the whole warming apparatus of a room consists of a pan of charcoal placed in the centre, so that when a Constantinopolitan feels cold, he puts on an extra wrap, until at last he looks like a moving mountain of cloth and fur. The nationality and creed of a man can generally be told from his out-door covering—witness the long overcoats of the Circassians, embellished with their cartridge pouches, and, as the Giaour in our sketch seems to think, would be awkward customers to meet on a lonely road; the hooded cloaks of the old warriors of the line; the magnificent surcoat of the Custom House official, who is holding parley with the steersman of one of the huge market caiques, as the boats on the Bosphorus are called. The steersman, like most of his genus, is wrapped in a covering of humbler material, while his rowers, clad in comparative gossamer, keep themselves warm by jumping up and down their seats in order to secure a greater leverage for their oars. One of the most picturesque and characteristic figures is the Bosphorus fisherman, seated upon a little cage at the end of a pole, fixed in the water or on a large fishing-boat. Perched in this cramped resting-place, sometimes for hours, he closely watches the water beneath to see whether a shoal is approaching his net. When he describes them he signals his comrades to draw in the net, and his work is done for the time being. As Mr. Cole aptly remarks, the Turk is a chilly mortal, and it is wonderful how soon he begins and how late he leaves off his fur or sheepskin-lined garments, and how soon his spike-heeled goloshes are laid aside for huge fur-lined Russian boots. Possibly the cause may be found in his general dislike to active exercise. In wet weather the Turks are great at carrying umbrellas, and even the *hammalls*, or porters, and the hardy *caïque* may be seen with these useful appendages of civilisation. The severest effects of winter, however, are not to be seen in the towns but in the rural districts, where the hardships of the peasantry are enhanced by the occasional raids of those inveterate “conveyancers,” the Circassians.

THE CONDITION OF IRELAND

CHRISTMASTIDE has brought no better news from Ireland, the only tidings being a continuation of the sad record of strife and lawlessness. On Tuesday a Privy Council was held at Dublin Castle, and in the evening a Proclamation appeared in the *Gazette* placing a number of fresh districts under the provisions of the Peace Preservation Act forbidding the “having,” as well as the carrying of arms without a special license. New rules as to the service of writs throughout the country are also announced, and the disturbed localities are divided into five districts, over each of which a stipendiary magistrate is placed, with special powers of control enabling each to act without first communicating with the authorities at Dublin Castle, a plan which certainly seems likely to prove more effective than the old method. Miss Reynolds, a member of the Ladies' Land League, who was charged with inciting a tenant not to pay rent, has been sent to prison for a month, she having refused to give bail for her good behaviour. An effort is being made to revive the project for an Industrial Exhibition, the promoters of which disclaim any intention of personal disrespect to the Queen in having refused to ask her patronage. Meanwhile some of the original guarantors refuse to pay anything towards the expenses of the Committee, on the ground that they had no power to abandon the scheme which they were appointed to carry out. The defiant circular issued last week, professing to come from the Ladies' Land League, has been repudiated as a forgery by Miss Parnell, but another manifesto, bearing her name and those of other ladies, has appeared, dated Christmas Day, and calling upon all the branches of the League to hold simultaneous meetings to-morrow, and continue them Sunday after Sunday until the authorities become convinced of the futility of opposing them.—A paper containing an extract from Bishop Nulty's letter to the

clergy and laity of the Diocese of Meath is being circulated by the priests. It is headed “Land the common property of all.” It argues that land has been transferred by its real owner, the Creator, to the people, and that the exclusion of the humblest person from his share of the common inheritance is not only an injustice to man, but an impious resistance to the will of God.—Mr. Shaw, M.P., has retired from the Home Rule League, and written to the Secretary stating his reasons. He does not abandon all hopes of revising the terms of the union between the two countries, but he considers that the present is an unfavourable time to agitate for political changes. He has refused to join the Land League party because he believes that it is not honest, in this sense—that it asks for more than it really aims at. Ireland, he says, has a solution of the land question in the Land Act, and ought to be left undisturbed by fresh schemes for some time to come.

Our engravings need little description. The first seizure of the *United Ireland* was made on the 15th inst., when an inspector and five men of the constabulary quietly entered the office and arrested Mr. O'Keefe, one of the sub-editors, and Mr. Burton, a clerk, on warrants for “intimidation,” and carried off about 5,000 copies of the journal. Other copies of the same issue were seized in shops and from street newsvendors in Dublin and several other places. The publication of the paper has, however, not been stopped, for last week's number was issued in advance of the date (December 24th), and it is said that 20,000 copies were put in circulation. On Saturday the Dublin detectives were busy visiting newsvendors all over the city, and several who were posted outside the office of the paper pounced from time to time on any dealers who were suspected of having bought copies. William Hunt, another member of the staff, was also arrested. This last issue of the *United Ireland* contains an article which says, “We intend to ask an Irish jury whether Mr. Forster's cheap and cowardly thievery is to their liking.”

The Headquarters of the Property Defence Association at Pallas Green, County Limerick, are situated in a cottage, from which a tenant was evicted some time ago. It is now occupied by a staff of about thirty “emergency men,” under the direction of Mr. Spunners, a young gentleman who has just gone through Trinity College, and being interested in property has taken up the management of the *depôt*. His life here is a rough one, worse than life in the bush. He cannot stir an inch without a police escort, and no one in the neighbourhood will give him any supplies.

TO THE GREAT NORTH-WEST WITH THE MARQUIS OF LORNE—XV.

THE NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE

I AM indebted to Major Chater for the following notice of the North-West Mounted Police. The object of the force is to keep order amongst the different tribes of Indians; to keep whisky from them; to arrest malefactors, Indian, white, or half-breed.

The force consists of about fifteen officers and three hundred men, and is commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Irvine.

It is divided into six troops. Headquarters are at Fort Walsh, with various out-stations.

The men are armed with Winchester repeating rifles and Adams revolvers.

The uniform consists of white helmets, scarlet tunics with yellow facings, dark blue breeches with yellow stripe, black boots, brown belts.

The ammunition is carried in belts round the waist.

Only officers and sergeants wear swords. In winter the force wears buffalo coats and caps.

The men are of a very good class, and, to quote from Messrs. Silver's Guide to the North-West, “it would be hard to find in any regular army a regiment whose standard either in appearance or intelligence is equal to them.”

When at the different posts the routine duties resemble those of a cavalry regiment, but they are taught artillery in addition to cavalry drill.

Besides riding well they are nearly all able to drive four-in-hand, and are as handy in dragging a heavy waggon out of a deep mud-hole as they are in getting a small scow laden with horses and waggons over a broad and rapid river.

During the tour in the North-West of His Excellency the Governor-General about sixty men were placed at his disposal, twenty as escort, the rest teamsters.

The little force was admirably commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Herchmer.

For many days the marching averaged forty miles, which means hard work, from 4 A.M. to 9 P.M., for the men. And it is much to their credit that after several days of this work they would, after a few minutes' extra time allowed them at the midday halt, trot into some fresh station as clean shaven and smart as if just leaving quarters.

The escort first joined at Fort Ellice, 12th August.

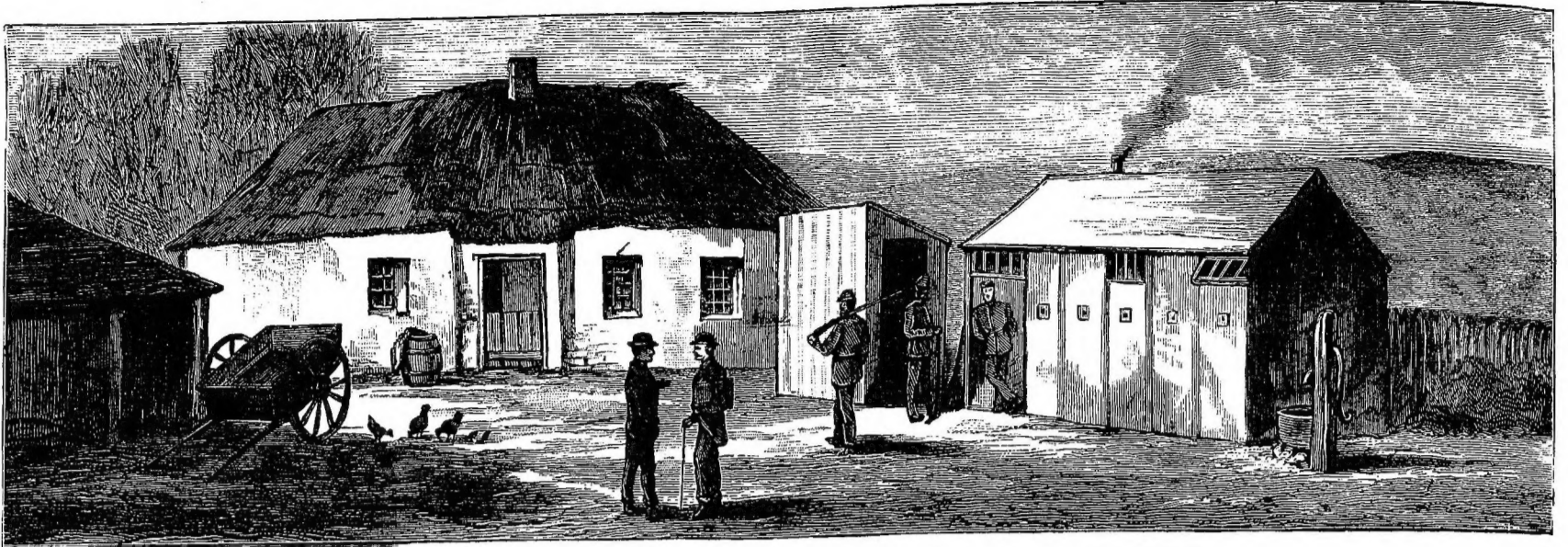
My sketches are drawn with a view to illustrate the several duties above described. In No. 1 they are swimming their horses, thirteen of them, across the South Saskatchewan. When once they had coaxed them to take the water there was considerable excitement as to which would get across first. The favourite was “Pinto,” the piebald, and 2 to 1 was freely offered on him.

In No. 2 they are escorting the carriage of His Excellency across the Old Man River into Battleford, their anxiety increased by the Indian notables, who will crowd round the wheels and offer their hands to His Excellency.

In No. 3 they are pulling the cook's waggon out of a slough, and M. Boquet, Lord Lorne's cook, is looking on with solicitude. No. 4 shows them putting out a prairie fire started by a careless freighter a little ahead of us, who left his camp fire burning. In No. 6 we have them as guard of honour, and in No. 8 they are pulling, hauling, tugging, pushing, in the water and out of it, at the scow, which the wind is blowing on to a shoal.

THE TRIAL OF GITEAU

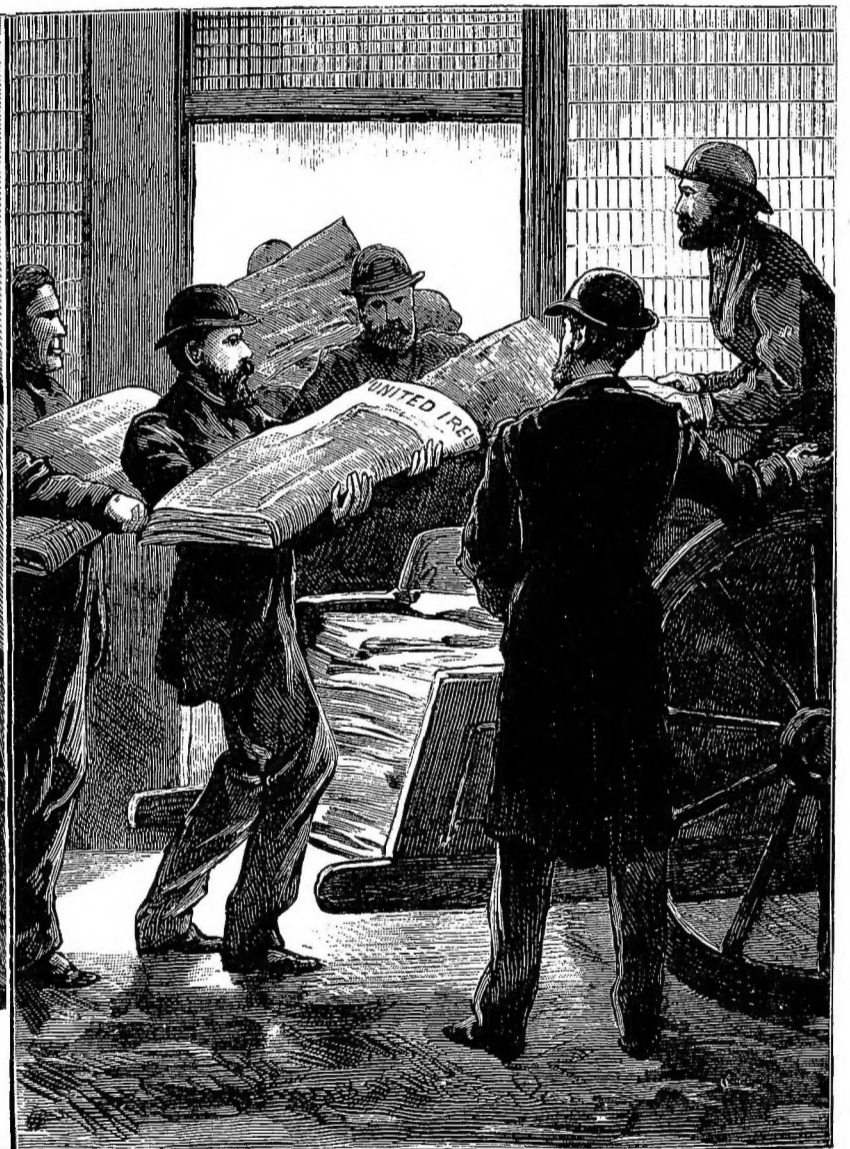
THE trial of Jules Giteau for the murder of President Garfield has now continued for more than six weeks, and a sorrier spectacle has never been witnessed in any court of justice in the world. The license which has been allowed to the prisoner is perfectly unparalleled; he has been permitted to beard the judge, to abuse the witnesses, and to bullyrag both his opposing and his own counsel in the most unqualified way, and has only lately been punished by the withdrawal of his privilege of sitting at the table with his counsel, and with being placed in the dock. The leniency, or rather, as it is generally termed, the weakness of Judge Cox, has been warmly condemned across the Atlantic. It certainly is difficult, however, to suggest a remedy for such a state of things, as to a man over whom a sentence of death is hanging any delay is grateful, and it would be no punishment to commit him to imprisonment for contempt of Court, while the tenets of civilised law will not permit of a prisoner being tried in his absence. Still the fact remains that his opposing counsel, Mr. Corkhill, by his firmness and imperturbability has certainly managed to obtain more respectful treatment from Giteau than the others, and if the Judge had followed the same lines he probably would have fared better. Giteau's plea is insanity, and he has been particularly offensive during the recent evidence of the experts, who have been called by the Government to prove the futility of his plea. He is bidding high for a verdict of insanity, and last week told the jury that “If I cannot get justice here I expect an act of God for my protection. He has taken away the wife of one juror, for which I am very sorry. If



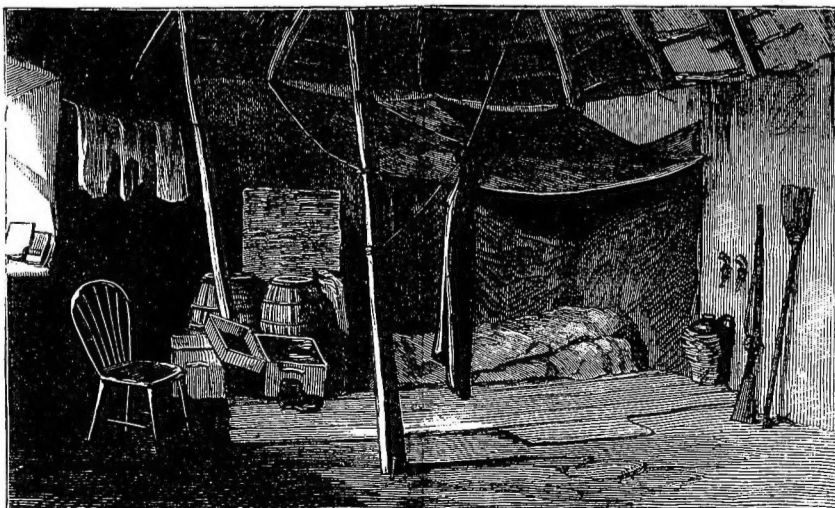
HEADQUARTERS OF THE PROPERTY DEFENCE ASSOCIATION AT PALLAS GREEN, LIMERICK COUNTY



SEIZURE OF THE "UNITED IRELAND;" ARRIVAL OF THE DETECTIVES



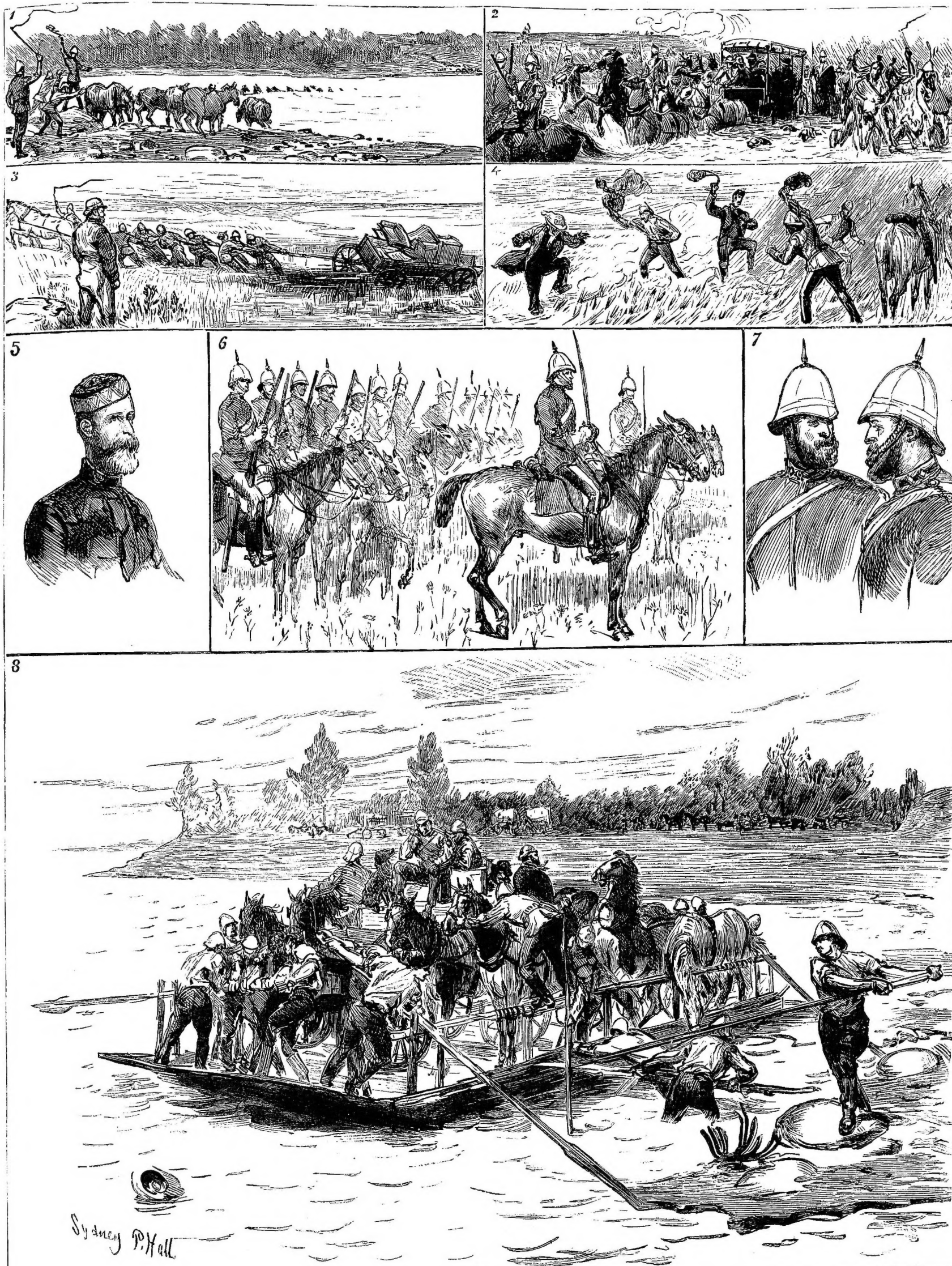
SEIZURE OF THE "UNITED IRELAND;" REMOVAL OF THE PRINTED COPIES BY THE POLICE



THE DEFENCE ASSOCIATION DEPÔT AT PALLAS GREEN—THE MANAGER'S ROOM



SEIZURE OF THE "UNITED IRELAND;" THE POLICE AND THE STREET HAWKERS



1. Their Horses Swimming the South Saskatchewan, 25th August.—2. Escorting Lord Lorne into Fort M'Leod; Crossing the Old Man River, 16th September.—3. Pulling the Cook's Waggon out of a Slough, M. Boquet, Maître Cuisinier de la Prairie Looking On.—4. Putting Out a Prairie Fire, assisted by Dr. Macgregor.—5. Lieut.-Colonel Irvine, in Command of the N.W. Mounted Police.—6. Guard of Honour (The Knights Errant of the Prairie).—7. Brevet Lieut.-Colonel Herchmer, N.W.M.P., and Major Crozier, Superintendent, N.W.M.P.—8. Crossing the South Saskatchewan in the Scow, 25th August.

IN THE GREAT NORTH-WEST WITH THE MARQUIS OF LORNE, XV.—THE NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE
SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. SYDNEY P. HALL.

necessary. He will take one of those jurors right out of the box to save my life in the interests of truth and justice." After abusing a witness who testified to having heard him say that he would "Kill some big man as Booth had done," he accused another expert of being bribed, and then shouted, "I do not pretend to say that I am insane now any more than you are, but on July 2nd and thirty days prior I was insane. That is the issue." This is Guiteau's point, namely, that he is suffering from intermittent attacks of insanity, and that under the influence of one of these he shot the President. Not content, however, with his tirade against the experts, he protests against the President's treatment by the doctors, "Garfield would have been alive now had it not been for them. They completed what my shot began." His *sang froid* is as remarkable as his impudence, and on Tuesday he looked round smiling on his arrival, saying, "I had a nice Christmas dinner, and hope that every one else did. I had lots of fruit, flowers, and lady-visitors—a good time generally." Dr. Macdonald, superintendent of an insane asylum, giving his experience of insanity, Guiteau interrupted, exclaiming, "There are two kinds of insanity, doctor; 'crank' insanity and Abraham insanity." He subsequently denied that he belonged to the "crank" school. Dr. Macdonald gave his opinion that Guiteau was sane and acting a part, and that he was certainly feigning insanity. He gave an account of his interview with Guiteau in prison, when the latter asserted his belief that he would be found by the jury legally insane at the time of committing the act, that he would be acquitted and sent to an Asylum, whence he would in a short time be released by a Lunacy Commission. On Wednesday, when in obedience to the request of the prosecuting counsel, Guiteau was removed from the table to the dock, and no longer guarded by an extra police force, he violently remonstrated, crying, "You want to shoot me, Corkhill, do you? You cannot convict me, and so you want to get me shot. You might as well hang me outside and tell the mob to shoot me. I tell you God Almighty would curse you, sir, if I was put in that dock and shot, you miserable wretch, you." Mr. Scoville, the prisoner's advocate and brother-in-law, comes in for no small share of abuse from Guiteau, who does not fail equally to snub his sister, Mrs. Scoville, whose occasional interference in the case is not the least strange feature of this remarkable trial. Judge Cox, it should be said, is perfectly aware of the severe strictures which his forbearance has called forth, but declares the "end of the trial must furnish his vindication."

THE ABRAM COLLIERY EXPLOSION

THE scene of this fatality is a mining village near Wigan, and the pit in which it occurred is owned by the Abram Colliery Company, and consists of two workings—one called the Arley Mine, at a depth of 650 yards, and the other at about 500 yards from the surface. It was in this last-mentioned mine that the actual explosion took place on Monday last week at about noon. Some 250 men were at work at the time, and of these forty-eight were either killed or have since died of the terrible injuries they sustained, whilst a number of those who were got out alive were also severely hurt, and several men had very narrow escapes, one having been rescued after lying a long time unconscious from the effects of the choke-damp. The explosion caused immense falls of coal, stone, and rubbish, wrecked the lifting apparatus in one of the shafts, and set fire to the mine in two places. A large number of men who were employed in searching for the dead, are still engaged in clearing away the debris, and until this work is completed it will be difficult to form an opinion as to the cause of the disaster, which at present is a great puzzle to the mining engineers, as the mine was ventilated, not by a furnace, but by a "fan," and blasting with gunpowder was strictly prohibited; so that the only ways of accounting for the ignition of the gas is that it came in contact with a Davy-lamp which had been broken by the "fall," or that it was driven so violently against a perfect lamp as to penetrate the gauze shield which in ordinary circumstances affords effectual protection. There will of course be the usual Government inquiry; and the coroner's inquest, opened on Thursday last was adjourned after formal evidence of identification had been taken. Only one body now remains in the pit. Among those recovered was that of Mr. Cronshaw, a young mining engineer, who was the son of the Rev. James Cronshaw, Vicar of St. Thomas's, Wigan. So far as has been ascertained the fatality has created twenty-five widows and seventy-three orphans, whose claims will constitute a heavy call upon the Lancashire and Cheshire Miners' Permanent Relief Fund, to which all the victims were subscribers, a fact which, as the Bishop of Manchester reminds us, ought to stimulate the charitably-disposed to render aid to their bereaved relatives.

ROUND THE WORLD YACHTING, V

THE sketches which we publish this week from our special artist on board the *Ceylon*, Mr. C. E. Fripp, are all from Naples and its neighbourhood.

The picture of the house in the Santa Lucia quarter affords a vivid idea of the manner in which the Neapolitan population is crowded into lofty buildings, separated from each other by narrow lanes. These are called *palazzos*, which properly means tenement-houses. The ground floor consists of a series of arched cells, occupied as workshops, sale-shops, and cafés. As, except in the suburbs, there are no open plots or gardens for drying clothes, the whole edifice, from ground floor to garret, is festooned with gay-coloured garments.

In a warm, sunshiny climate like that of Naples all sorts of avocations are carried on out of doors that in this country would need the shelter of a roof. The shoemaker, the tailor, and the joiner are all at work under the canopy of heaven; nor, although the schoolmaster is more abroad than he was in the old Bourbon days, is the trade of the professional letter-writer obsolete. The peasant girl still stands at his stall, dictating heart-secrets which she is unable to indite.

We need not say much concerning Pompeii, the city which, during the unexpected eruption of Vesuvius in the year 79, was buried under a layer of sand, ashes, and liquid mud, and remained undiscovered till about a century ago. Our sketch gives a good notion of the aspect of one of the streets. They cross each other at right angles, and the broadest yet discovered is only thirty feet wide. The houses are plain and low, seldom more than one storey high, and had all their good apartments on the ground floor. Theatres, public halls, triumphal arches, fountains, and statues are, according to modern ideas, very numerous for a town of 30,000 inhabitants.

Since we last wrote the *Ceylon* has successively visited Constantinople, Smyrna, Rhodes, Alexandria, and Port Said. She was detained three days and a half (owing to the number of vessels) in the Canal, and left Suez on the 21st inst. for Bombay, passing Aden unvisited on account of the cholera. It was hoped that she would arrive at Bombay on New Year's Day.

THE LATE CANONIZATION AT ROME

See page 667.

"MARION FAY"

MR. TROLLOPE'S New Story, illustrated by W. Small, is continued on page 665.

NEW YEAR'S EVE AT THE BROMPTON HOSPITAL.

"THIS picture," writes the artist, Mr. Arthur Hopkins, "illustrates a yearly ceremony held at the Brompton Hospital for Consumptives.

It takes place on New Year's Eve. Friends and patrons supply the presents, I believe, and they are arranged so that there is a separate present for every patient in the hospital. The gifts chiefly consist of shawls, fancy wraps, brushes and combs, mirrors, &c., and are all more or less useful objects. They are distributed by the lady superintendent and the secretary, assisted by the sisters and some of the nurses. The patients are seated in a passage or corridor, and come up two by two, or singly when the number of their tickets (corresponding with a ticket on a gift) is called out. The event seems to give occasion to a great deal of kindly sympathy and pleasure to the too numerous sufferers from this terrible disease."

THE "SALVATION ARMY"

THE reputation of this eccentric religious organisation for good or evil has of late been very widely spread through the medium of reports of their processional demonstrations in the streets and their highly emotional services in the open air or within doors, and also unfortunately by the frequent appearance of its members at the police courts either in the character of complainants or defendants. Whatever may be thought of this peculiar method of evangelisation or of the spiritual value of its results or their permanence, it is undeniable that the statistics of the association are very remarkable. "General" Booth is the commander of a volunteer army numbering 445 "officers" and 12,000 "soldiers," male and female; the number of stations throughout the country is 250, the number of weekly services 4,300, and the number of people preached to weekly in these and in the highways and byways is estimated at considerably over 3,000,000. The funds, too, are in a flourishing condition, money being readily subscribed for the general purposes of the work to the amount of nearly 60,000*l.* a year; whilst towards a special fund of 20,000*l.* for the erection of a Training College and Congress Hall at Clapton contributions amounting to 9,200*l.* have already been promised. Our artist gives the following account of the meeting which forms the subject of his sketch:—"The service commenced with hymns and prayers, after which members of the S. A. gave their experiences and accounts of their conversion. After this an appeal was made to sinners to 'come out of the Burning Pit.' At first no one seemed to respond to the call; but after a time one stepped forward, then another, until at last they mustered fifteen. Each convert was then attended by captains and captainesses, exhorting and expounding, until his or her conversion was acknowledged; when the fact was announced to the meeting (see the tall figure in the centre of the sketch), 'Our brother or sister *does* believe,' followed by a deafening chorus of 'Hallelujah,' 'Praise the Lord, &c., &c., from the 'soldiers.' It worked up to such a state of excitement at last, people sobbing, crying, and shouting, that I began to think I should wake up in bed and find it was a nightmare. The men and women captains have brass letters ('S') on their collars, and some of the women have a badge round the arm with 'Salvation Army' on it. They seemed of a respectable class—small shopkeepers, artisans, &c. I did not see any of the Whitechapel roughs there, as I had expected."

TUNIS—THE SANCTUARY OF SIDI ES SAHEB

OUR artist writes as follows:—"The great Sanctuary of Sidi Abdallah Es Saheb Ehnali ('My Lord the Companion') is situated about half a mile south-west of Kairwán. It consists of a series of magnificent courts, together with a mosque and minaret. The principal cloister leads to the tomb of Sidi Es Saheb. It is surrounded by marble arches, supported by white marble pillars. The tomb itself is to be found in a vaulted chamber about 20 feet square, lined with white and black marble in a geometrical pattern, dimly lighted with painted glass windows, and surmounted by a cupola decorated with Arabesque work. The grave is covered with embroidered palls presented by the Beys of Tunis, and is protected by a bronze grating festooned with gilt balls and ostrich eggs. The floor is covered with Turkish, Persian, and Kairwán carpets. Sidi Es Saheb was the chosen companion of the Prophet. He died at Kairwán A.H. 70, at a great age. He also wore a portion of Mahomed's beard on his breast, and was so buried. This gave rise to the legend that he was the Prophet's barber. Till I arrived in Kairwán it was believed that Sidi Es Saheb was buried in the great Mosque. This is the most revered Mahomedan shrine in North Africa—hardly inferior to Mecca. It was the first European to enter it. My view is taken from the citadel, looking east."

ART-TREASURES EXHIBITION AT RYDE

ON the 22nd inst. Ryde, that miniature city of churches and palaces, was gay with Venetian masts, evergreens, and flags. The reason for all this decoration was that an interesting Art Exhibition had been gathered together in the Town Hall, and that at noon it was to be opened by the Princess Beatrice. H.R.H. drove over from Osborne, and was attended by the Dowager Marchioness of Ely, Mdlle. Norel, General Sir H. F. Ponsonby, and Colonel Sir J. C. McNeill, V.C. She was received by Mr. Barrow, the Mayor of Ryde, and the Corporation in their robes, as well as the Committee and sub-Committee of the School of Art. After the usual ceremonies the Exhibition was declared to be open, and before the general public were admitted the Princess spent about half an hour in inspecting it. Among the more noticeable exhibits may be mentioned some pictures by Hogarth and Gainsborough; a splendid collection of china, lent by Mr. Frederick Davis, of Apley Rise, Ryde; a collection of water-colour drawings, formerly belonging to the Empress Eugénie, lent by Mr. Charles Davis, of Pall Mall; a case of miniatures by Cosway, lent by Mr. L. Joseph; Ashantee curios, lent by Sir R. Wallace; a case of Wedgwood ware, the property of Mr. Felix Jones; and a Naval and Military Portrait Gallery, by Mr. Emanuel, of the Hard, Portsea.

NOTE.—We are requested to state that the greater number of the portraits in our engraving of the Mayor of Southampton's Fancy Ball (published last week) are from photographs by Messrs. Adams and Stilliard, 32, High Street, Southampton.



THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS seems to have passed off pleasantly enough. Business was to a great extent suspended from Friday to Wednesday, and many thousands left London to visit various places in the country. On Saturday and Monday the Metropolitan places of amusement were well patronised, and all the Museums, Picture Galleries, and other places of public resort were crowded. The weather though dull was mild, and the rain and fog were too slight to interfere very much with the enjoyment of pleasure-seekers. To the credit of the working classes be it said the number of cases of drunkenness and disorderly conduct at the various Police courts was not greater than on ordinary days.

THE WATER COMPANIES, whose income increases with every quinquennial re-assessment, ought to be dealt with promptly in some such manner as is suggested by "Oppressed Householder" in *The Times*, the present absurd basis of charge being abolished in favour of one which shall have some relation to the quantity and quality of the article supplied.

A "DORMANT CONSERVATIVE," writing to a contemporary, says that some years ago he joined a Liberal Club, but having since changed his political opinions the three votes which he possesses are lost to both parties because of the difficulty of getting admission to a respectable Conservative Club. He adds that several of his fellow members are in the same position as himself. The apparent innuendo that this letter is a hoax, but if it be genuine the pitiful case of the writer and his friends ought to be seriously considered by the Committees of Conservative Clubs. That is if they care about the co-operation of men who thus place Club comfort before political duty.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOLE, in distributing the prizes at the Exeter School of Science and Art, spoke of the great progress which had been made of late years in scientific education, and suggested that more Government aid should be given to local museums and scientific research in the provinces; and the system of examinations modified to suit the special needs of particular districts so that the studies might be more assimilated to the various local industries.

A FATAL COLLISION occurred on Sunday night in Cork Harbour, the Cunard steamship *Catalonia*, which was just starting for New York, running down the barque *Helenslea*, of Dundee, which sank instantly with all on board, twenty-seven souls, including the pilot. Eighteen of these were picked up alive by the boats of the *Catalonia*, but the other nine were drowned. The *Catalonia* was so badly damaged that she could not proceed on her voyage, and her mails have been transferred to the Inman steamer *City of Brussels*.

THE MANSION HOUSE FUND FOR THE DEFENCE OF PROPERTY IN IRELAND has been the subject of a somewhat bitter controversy, the question being whether the movement has or has not any party significance, and we doubt not that each set of disputants will continue to belabour each other, notwithstanding the direct personal disclaimer of the Lord Mayor, and Mr. Gladstone's declaration that to him his lordship seemed to be wholly free from the ideas and objects of party in regard to the fund. The Duke of Marlborough, as Lord Lieutenant of Oxfordshire, has consented to open subscriptions in that county, but in his letter to the Lord Mayor remarks that it is "singular" that the valuable aid of the City should only have been offered at the eleventh hour. Mr. James Lowther has sent a subscription to the fund, with a letter remarking that "during the abeyance of the usual agencies which in all civilised communities are supposed to be charged with the protection of property, it seems the bounden duty of all, without respect to party, to rally round the only means apparently available for the preservation of proprietary rights in Ireland."—Lord Courtown, as President of the Property Defence Association, writes to *The Times* that no one in Ireland connects it with any political party or religious opinion, Roman Catholics and Protestants, Conservatives and Liberals, alike subscribing to its funds. In a second letter he contradicts in direct terms Mr. O'Donnell's statement that it "will supply the appealing landlords in the Land Courts with every legal advantage that money can procure."

THE FOG OF FRIDAY LAST was very dense in London and several provincial towns, and quite a number of fatalities occurred through people walking into rivers or falling over steep places. Five deaths from these causes are reported from Manchester, three from Bristol, and several from other places. Railway and road traffic was everywhere greatly impeded, and highly dangerous, whilst from the coast a number of marine accidents were reported.

THE MISSING BALLOON has not yet been heard of, and there can now be little doubt as to the fate of Mr. Powell. It is, however, questionable whether there is sufficient legal evidence of his death to warrant the issue of a writ for filling up the vacancy in the representation of Malmesbury.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN ON IRELAND.—Replying to a Leicester correspondent who challenges the coercive policy of the Government in Ireland, the President of the Board of Trade has written a lengthy letter, in which, after complaining of the Tories denouncing him for statements which he never made, and of the unfairness of quoting certain passages from his speeches without the context, he says that he is convinced that the great majority of the Irish people would gladly settle down to the enjoyment of their new rights if they were relieved from the fear of secret violence, and it is the duty, and will be the object, of the Government to give them all the protection which the resources of the State can supply. In doing this he confidently relies on the support of every Liberal, as he knows nothing which would be more fatal to democratic progress than an opinion, justified by facts, that Liberalism cannot defend the freedom which it is its object to establish, and protect the majority against anarchy and disorder fostered by an irreconcilable minority.

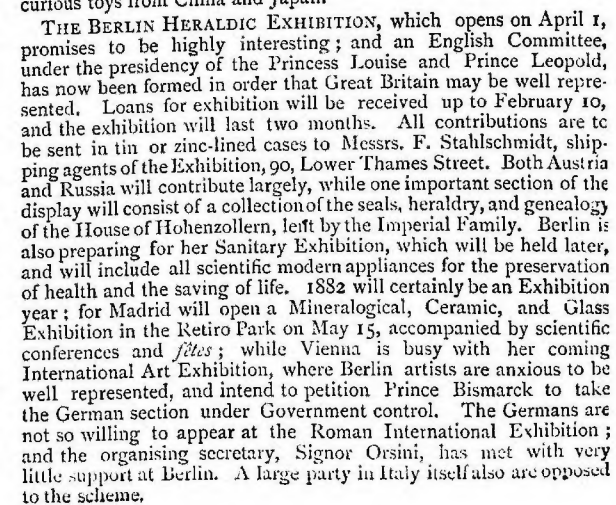


THE chief theatrical events of the Christmas holidays have up to the present been the reopening of the LYCEUM with a revival of Mr. Albery's *Two Roses*; the production of elaborate pantomimes at DRURY LANE and COVENT GARDEN, and of a new extravaganza by Mr. Reece at the GAIETY; the reopening of the IMPERIAL Afternoon Theatre with a new farcical comedy by Mr. Joseph Mackay; and the production at the ROYALTY of a pretty little domestic drama in two acts called *The Fisherman's Daughter*, followed by a burlesque extravaganza called *Pluto*, which is a renovated and refurbished version of an earlier piece by Mr. H. J. Byron. In the former piece an old fisherman and his false friend are respectively excellently played by Messrs. Everill and Mansfield. *Pluto* is full of rollicking fun, to which Miss Lydia Thompson and Mr. W. J. Hill especially contribute. Besides these, a pantomime was produced at nearly every suburban house—so popular still is this form of entertainment among the humbler class of visitors; and we must not omit to mention the production of a new comedy entitled *The Squire*, by Mr. Pinero, at the ST. JAMES'S, though unfortunately too late in the week for notice in our present issue.

Of the pantomimes, not excepting those of the "two patent" houses, little is to be said in the way of criticism. They must be seen, and seen we may add by young eyes, to be thoroughly appreciated, and even to be compared with those of the last few seasons; for youthful memories are quick in this respect, and it is not safe to try their possessors too much with stale jokes or threadbare devices. Magnificence of scenic display is of course their leading characteristic; for it is easier to complain of the way in which the scenic artist, the stage carpenter, the ballet master, the costumier, and the director of the lime light has been permitted to jostle and elbow out the old Grimaldian business than to find reasonable grounds for supposing that this change has been brought about with anything short of the full approval of playgoers. The truth is that, here and elsewhere, it is the taste and fancy of those who pay to enjoy which have to be consulted; and the development of scenic display has been tentative and gradual, every step presumptively convincing the managers that if they would see their theatres full at holiday times, or indeed at any other time, they must put money in their purse. At DRURY LANE the expenditure must have

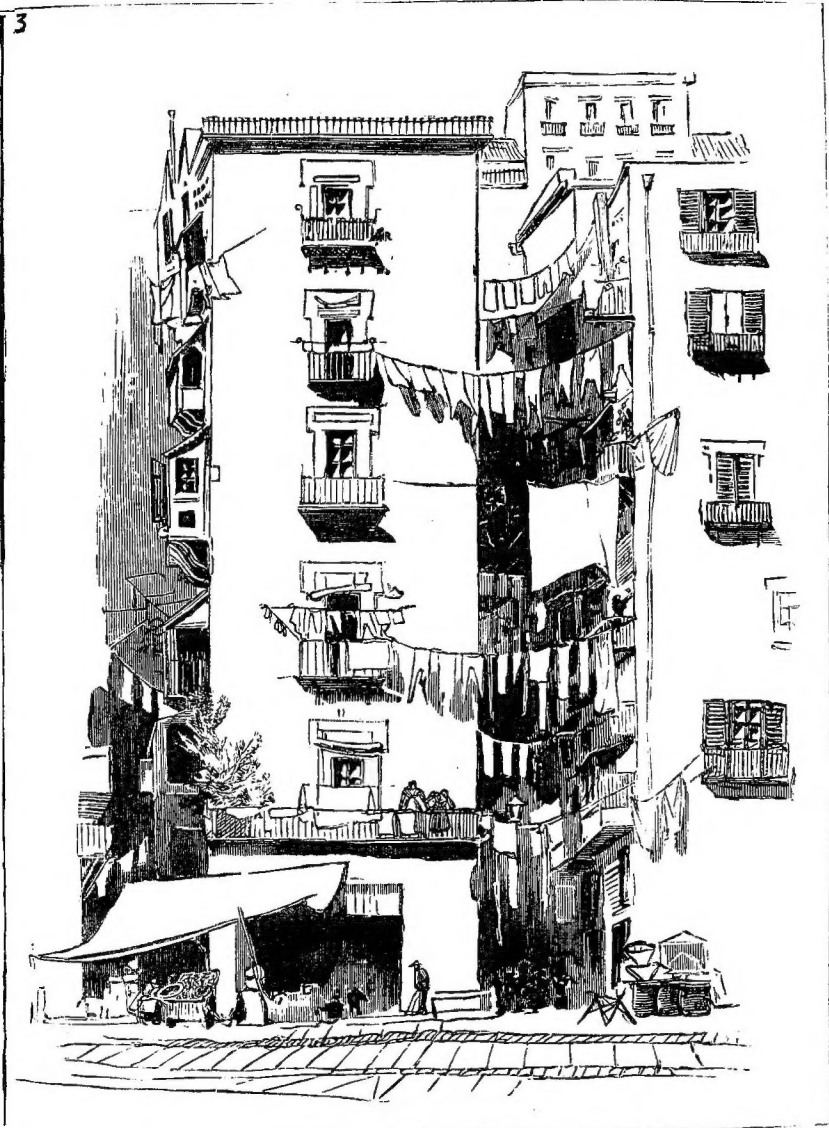
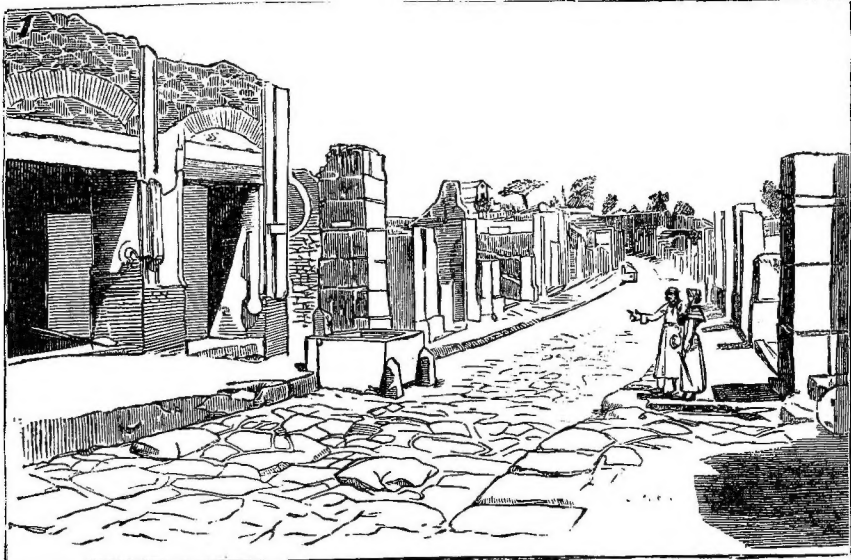
THE GRECIAN has a pantomime with a terribly long title, which may be abbreviated into *Happy-go-Lucky*, and the plot of which is sufficiently described by saying that it deals with the adventures and misadventures of a pair of lovers. Well mounted, and played in a

THE PARIS NEW YEAR'S FAIR is singularly barren of topical novelties this season. African affairs form too sore a subject for joking, so only an occasional wooden Kroumir, a group of camels, or an Algerian camp scene recalls the military doings of the past year. People prefer to buy the *Mascolle*, a doll representing the chief character of that merry opera, and which, in all sorts and sizes, is the fashionable charm just now, *vice* pigs, elephants, and the like recent "porte-veines." Indeed dolls, large and small, seem the favourite gifts this year for small damsels, while the mammas are offered straw bonnets of artistic and extraordinary shape, which now contain bonbons, but are intended subsequently for actual wear next spring; shoes full of artificial flowers, or china wall-baskets imitating fans, with gilt flowers in relief. For the boys there are "Nana's nightingale"—a tiny whistle, supposed to produce the dulcet strains which accompany the love scene in M. Zola's notorious work; "fighting dogs"—two wooden poodles; the "singing bird," which opens its beak and produces a few squeaks; a tumbling sailor; and innumerable acrobatic toys and games. One of the most original novelties, however, was the Christmas tree at the Halles Centrales—a monster fir planted in a large barrel full of oysters, its branches hung with poultry, meat, bottles of wine, and other provisions intended for distribution among the poor of the quarter.





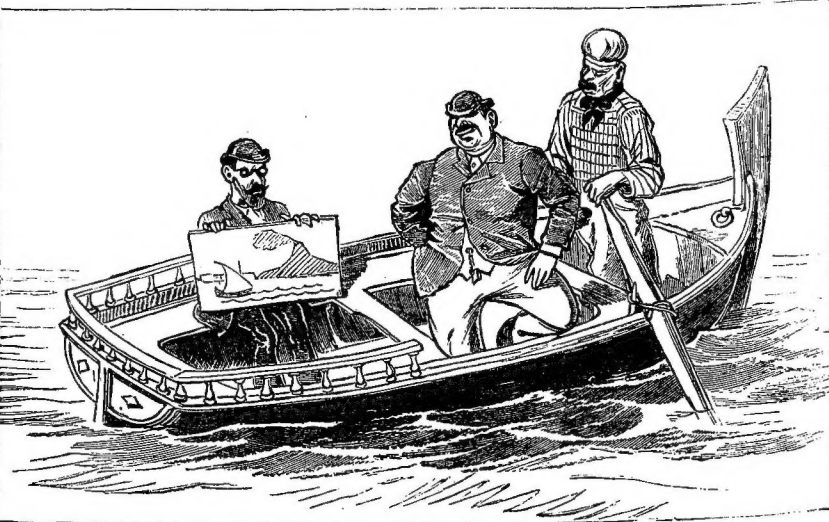
ON THE ROAD TO POMPEII



1. Via Abundantia, Pompeii.—2. Naples : "Want a Stack?" and an Umbrella Maker.—3. Santa Lucia, Naples

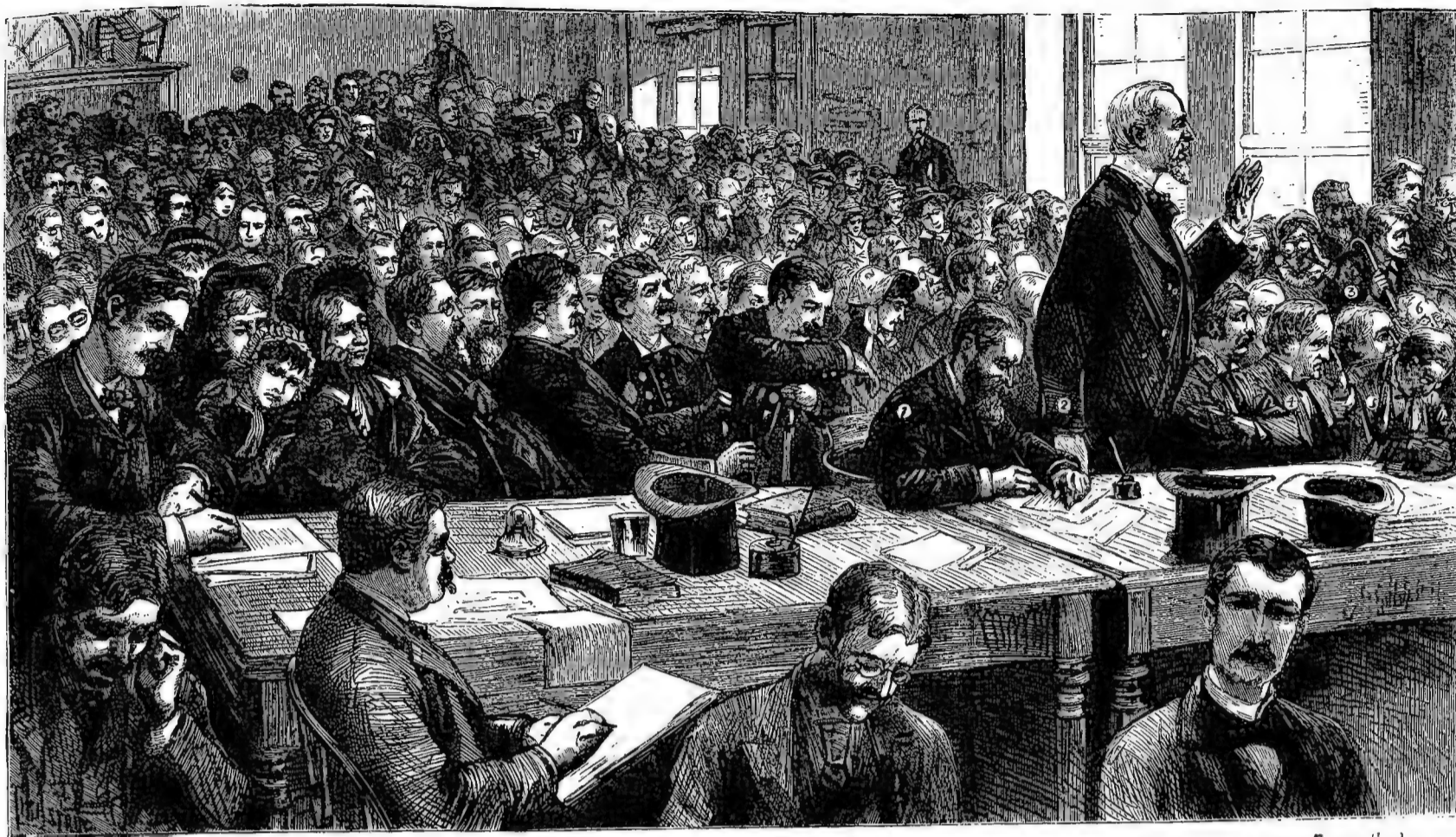


THE LETTER WRITER



ART IN NAPLES

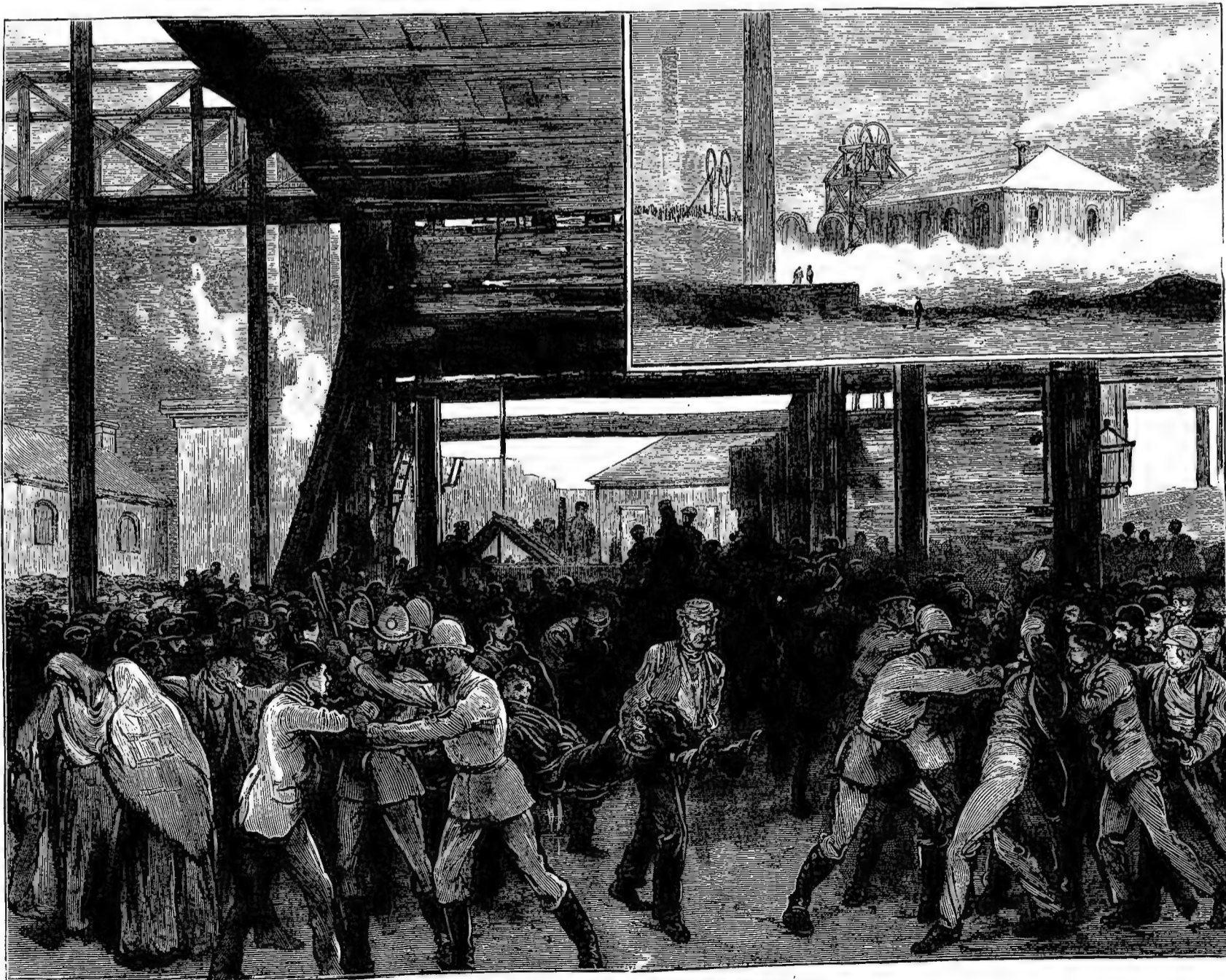
ROUND THE WORLD YACHTING IN THE "CEYLON," V.
SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. C. E. FRIPP



1. Charles Jules Guiteau (the Assassin).—2. Mr. Scoville (Counsel for Guiteau).—3. District Attorney Corkhill (for the Prosecution).—4. Mr. Davidge (for Government Prosecution).—5. Mr. E. B. Smith of the Department of Justice (for Government Prosecution).—6. Judge Porter (for Prosecution).

TRIAL OF GUITEAU—SCENE IN THE COURT AT WASHINGTON

VIEW OF THE WORKS



SCENE AT THE PIT'S MOUTH ON THE DAY OF THE EXPLOSION

THE DISASTER AT THE ABRAM COLLIERY, NEAR WIGAN



FRANCE.—The Christmas holidays have brought about a universal lull in political circles, and for the nonce Parliamentary diatribes and denunciations have been replaced by the greetings and congratulations of the season. In France the political atmosphere has been wholly undisturbed, though considerable surprise has been expressed at M. Gambetta's decision to reinstate M. Roustan in his Tunisian dictatorship after the result of the Rochefort libel trial, and the very strong impression which the evidence brought forward produced on the public mind at the time. The "revelations" of the "Dossier Bokhos" continue to be published in Paris, but they amount to very little, and arouse little or no interest. Much more comment has been caused by the steady-going determination of M. Paul Bert to bring the Bishops and Priests under the strict letter of the Concordat; and it is stated that for the future no new prelate will be appointed without taking a stringent oath to the Constitution ordained by the Convention of 1801. This not only binds the Bishops to remain "obedient and faithful" to the Republic, and not to carry on any league at home or abroad against the Government, but requires them to communicate to the Cabinet "anything that is being concocted to the prejudice of the State" which may come to their knowledge. M. Bert has abolished the post of Directeur-Général des Cultes, and has appointed M. Castagnary to reorganise the Ministry altogether. He has begun by requesting the Prefects to furnish him with all details respecting the Bishops, their present attitude, their antecedents, and their character, compared with their predecessors. These proceedings, not unnaturally, have excited great wrath on the part of the Clerical journals, and Mgr. Freppel, in a Christmas Circular, asks how the University, the Press, or the political public would tolerate being brought back to the system of 1802. There is a generally-discussed proposition to increase the Deputies' pay from 360*l.* to 480*l.*, and a demi-semi-official statement has been made that the Government intends to bring in the *Scrutin de liste* Bill next Session, and itself to propose the electoral reform of the Senate, and the restriction of that august body's financial powers. The only other political item of interest has been the putting forward of Major Laborière as a Radical candidate for the Senate. This officer, it may be remembered, broke his sword and was cashiered for refusing to obey orders when, in 1877, Marshal MacMahon's Government contemplated their abortive *Coup d'Etat*. He was restored to his rank when President Grévy came into power, but even many Republicans look somewhat askance at an officer who refused to obey his superiors because their orders went against his political conscience—a somewhat dangerous precedent to countenance, particularly in a French army composed of men of every shade of politics and opinions.

PARIS has entirely given herself up to the festivities of the season, the boulevards have been thronged with the usual crowds busily buying *brèves* at the booths which line the pavements, and the annual Christmas tree gatherings in aid of the poor and needy have been held with more than ordinary success. Of these the annual *fête* to the children of those Alsations and Lorrainers who "opted" for France after the war is the most important. It was held in the Winter Circus, and the proceedings opened with the distribution to 4,700 little ones of clothing, sweetmeats, toys, &c., while M. Coquelin, jun., Mlle. Favart, and other well-known players volunteered their services for the subsequent entertainments. Talking of theatrical matters, M. Victor Hugo's well-known "Ninety-three," a translation of which was published in our pages in 1874, has been produced at the Gâté with great success, the main theme being the touching story of the poor fugitive peasant woman, La Flécharde, and her two children, who, it may be remembered, are saved by the Marquis of Lantenac during the siege and burning of his castle by the Republicans. The Marquis comes back into the midst of his enemies for this purpose, and is arrested and condemned to death, but is rescued by his nephew, Gauvain, one of the Republican leaders, who is executed in his stead. The plot is powerfully told, and well put on the stage. Other novelties have been *L'Institution Sainte-Catherine*, a four-act comedy by M. Abraham Dreyfus, at the Odéon, and a *revue* in three acts, *Tant Mieux Pour Elle*, at the Comédie-Française. The deaths are announced of General Berthaut, formerly Minister of War, and of Mr. Grenville Murray, a well-known English journalist and writer, many of whose bright and lively short stories have been published in this journal.

M. Meissonier intends to present to the Paris Louvre two of his most valuable paintings, the "Graveur à l'Eau Forte" and the "Cavalier à Sa Fenêtre," which he has frequently refused to sell. *Après* of Paris artists, the well-known caricaturist, André Gill, who has been insane for some months past, is said to be recovering his reason; while another item is a coming exhibition in February of works executed exclusively by lady artists.

In TUNIS much annoyance has been expressed at the prospect of M. Roustan's return, and has only been equalled at the choice of General Mussali to communicate the fact to the Bey. There is little military news. General Logerot and his column arrived at Gabes on the 21st, and after having obtained the submission of all the insurgent tribes except the Ouerg Amas on the Tripolitan frontier, left for Sfax on the 24th. There has been some hard fighting, particularly with the Ben Zid tribe, and the chief Mohamed Sharif Uddin, together with twenty minor chiefs, have been arrested and detained as hostages. Further accounts of the terribly deficient hospital accommodation for the unfortunate French soldiers reveal a most ghastly state of things. At Carthage, where the principal hospitals are situated, and which is only thirty-six hours' sail from Marseilles, the administrative service is conducted in the most disgraceful manner. The authorities seem to make a parsimonious economy the first consideration, and buy their provisions at the cheap local markets, to the extent of feeding their patients on beef and haricot beans! According to a letter in *The Times* a writer states that the attendants neglect their duties, and sometimes make the patients take a whole day's medicine in one dose to save themselves trouble, the sick are packed closely together eighteen in a tent, with no protection from the rain which dripped upon them, while the cesspools at the time he was writing were running over, perfectly unheeded by the officials—a most unpardonable neglect in a hospital filled to overflowing with typhoid fever, dysentery, and diphtheria.

AUSTRIA.—The Roumanian question has been settled by the Bucharest Government sending an appropriate Christmas box to Vienna in the form of a complete apology for the recent Royal utterances. M. Stulescu, the Foreign Minister, expresses on the part of his colleagues, in a frank and loyal manner, their deep regret for everything in the message which may have been considered offensive by the Imperial and Royal Government. To this the *Wiener Abend Post* graciously replies by hoping that the relations between the two countries may now be closer and more friendly than ever. This dangerous crisis over, Vienna has given herself up to the enjoyment of Christmas festivities, which have this year been greatly saddened by the remembrance of the recent catastrophe. The Emperor continues to inspect the various theatres, and has announced his intention of building on the site of the Ring Theatre, at his own cost, a memorial chapel, where by a special foundation

an annual service will be held for the victims. The total number of these, by the way, is definitely announced as 447, of whom 153 have been recognised. At the family Christmas gathering of the Imperial family the Archduchess Valérie, the youngest daughter of the Emperor, asked her father, in place of his usual gift of jewellery, to allow her to adopt with the money one of the children left destitute by the fire. This disaster apart, however, there is much distress this winter in Vienna, owing in a great measure to the depression of trade.

The disturbed districts in the Boocche di Cattaro are no quieter. A strict cordon of troops is maintained around the territory affected; and the plan proposed by General Jovanovics of isolating the inhabitants from the rest of the world appears to have been adopted at head-quarters. Further troops accordingly are to be sent from Austria.

Much sensation has been caused by the escape of a nun novice belonging to the Convent of the Sisters of Christian Love at Graz. The girl was found senseless in a moat surrounding the convent garden, into which she had jumped. She declares that she has been forced by her mother to enter the convent, and had twice attempted to escape. The Superior of the Convent requested the police to give up the girl, but her demand was rejected, and she was roundly hooted by the crowd outside the police station.

AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.—The conclusion of the financial arrangements with the bondholders and the Galata bankers still occupy the foremost thoughts of all circles at Constantinople, where there are also various sinister rumours respecting some Machiavellian alliance between Prince Bismarck and the Sultan. Mr. O'Donovan, the energetic Central Asian correspondent of the *Daily News*, has got into trouble. This gentleman incautiously used certain objectionable expressions in a public restaurant with regard to the Sultan, and was at once arrested and imprisoned. On Saturday he was tried, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment, but was ultimately pardoned through the influence of Mr. Fawcett, and left Constantinople on Monday.

In EGYPT the Khedive has opened his first Parliament of Notables. There was nothing remarkable in his speech, which was as vague and colourless as one of our own Parliamentary messages. He mentioned that the financial situation of the country, which had been regulated "with the aid of friendly Powers," had enabled him to fulfil his wish to summon the Assembly. Of course there was an Address in reply; but what the main points for discussion are to be as yet unknown. Up to the present time Oriental Parliaments, either at Constantinople or Cairo, have been egregious failures; and whether this Assembly will be an improvement upon them remains very much open to doubt. All circles at present are in an essential condition of unrest; there is a great Mussulman and autonomous revival in progress, which is being warmly encouraged by the Sultan, who is manifestly anxious to secure Egypt once more under his tutelage. The orthodox party also are raising an agitation against foreign influence and the employment of European officials, who earn high salaries by brain-work in the shade, while the native labourers have to carry out their orders in the sun for a miserable pittance—a curious and logical specimen of an Eastern grievance.

ITALY.—Leo XIII. has celebrated Christmas with a more than usually peevish and complaining speech to the Cardinals, who went to the Vatican on Saturday to present their greetings. He declared that his position was becoming more and more untenable, that he had been insulted in the persons of the saints whom he had canonised; "mud and filth had been hurled against his person, his authority, and against the new saints then glorified. . . . If pious pilgrims came to Rome to manifest their filial sympathy for the common Father of the Faithful, they were subjected to insults from the Press and violence from the mob. It was only natural that the Bishops recently assembled in Rome had openly recognised the impossibility of considering the actual situation, daily becoming more and more intolerable and threatening, as compatible with the liberty and dignity of the Holy See." If, he declared, he claimed the temporal power in order to secure the independence of his spiritual power, he was accused of being a rebel and an enemy of Italy. He would, however, "endeavour to steer the bark of St. Peter, and wait confidently for the moment when his Divine Master should bid the wind and the waves to be calm." The violent tone of the speech has excited great surprise, and is generally thought to be the result of the occult negotiations between the Vatican and Prince Bismarck, concerning which of late there have been so many startling rumours.

On Saturday also Cardinal Howard was installed in great state as Archpriest of the Patriarchal Basilica of St. Peter's.

RUSSIA.—Another plot to assassinate the Czar is said to have been discovered, and both Socialists and the Government continue to wage war as energetically as they did during the late Czar's reign. Arrests are constantly made, but new conspirators appear on the scene, while, despite the seizure of printing offices, revolutionary publications are as numerous and as widely circulated as ever. Even Socialistic plots and counterplots, however, have been overshadowed in interest this week by a terrible disaster at Warsaw on Christmas Day. Service was being performed in the Church of the Holy Cross to a dense congregation, when a pickpocket was detected and arrested. An accomplice, to secure his escape, raised a cry of fire, and a frightful panic ensued, the whole congregation rushing for the door, and trampling down each other in their terror. No less than twenty-nine persons lost their lives, while 130 were injured—thirty seriously. The rumour spread that the culprit was a Jew, and thereupon the crowd at once began to attack the Jewish houses and shops, and a riot ensued, which was only quelled by the soldiery.

INDIA AND AFGHANISTAN.—Afghanistan continues to be tranquil, and the only news is that the new Governor of Candahar, Sirdar Abdul Rasul Khan, has assumed his functions, and appears to be very popular. There are ugly rumours of combinations and counter-combinations against Ameer Abdurrahman's authority at Herat, and there seems no cessation of the endless weaving of intrigues which have worked so much ruin in Afghanistan.

The Viceroy and Lady Ripon have been staying at Rangoon, and at a public dinner Lord Ripon made a noteworthy speech upon the prosperity of British Burmah. Various memorials have been presented to him, one of which, signed by thirty mercantile firms, dwelt upon the disregard of the Treaty obligations of the Mandalay Government and to the recent renewal by King Thebaw of the monopoly system which paralysed trade. Another requested that the province might have a High Court of three judges, the existing judicial administration being insufficient. The Viceroy in reply said that he would advise his colleagues to send further remonstrances to Mandalay, and promised to consider the judicial question.

SOUTH AFRICA.—Sir Evelyn Wood left Durban for England on the 22nd inst., to the regret of the whole colony. He was presented with an address on the previous day, and in reply stated that Lord Kimberley had offered him the Governorship of Natal, but out of consideration for the best interests of the colony he had declined the honour. At present Col. Mitchell acts as Administrator, but there is a generally expressed desire that a permanent appointment should be speedily made to the post.

The great meeting of the Boers at Paardekraal passed off peaceably, and the acts of the Triumvirate were formally sanctioned. Politics were avoided by all save, curiously enough, the clergymen, who, *The Times* correspondent tells us, admonished their hearers for their tame submission to the Convention.



THE Queen spent Christmas in company with the Princesses Louise and Beatrice, Prince Leopold, and the Marquis of Lorne at Osborne, where Her Majesty on Saturday afternoon presided over the usual Christmas tree entertainment for the children of the Whippingham Schools. Assisted by the Princess Beatrice, the Queen personally distributed the gifts in the Servants' Hall, the Marquis of Lorne, Lady and Miss Ponsonby, Lady Cowell, and Canon, Mrs. and Miss Prothero being invited to be present. On Christmas Day Her Majesty, with the Princesses Louise and Beatrice, Prince Leopold, and the Marquis of Lorne, attended Divine Service at Whippingham Church, where the Rev. Canon Prothero officiated. No visitors have been entertained at Osborne this week, but the Queen has taken her usual walks and drives. The Queen will remain in the Isle of Wight until the third week in February, and will then return to Windsor. Mr. W. L. Thomas has had the honour of submitting to Her Majesty's inspection his collection of Water-Colour Drawings of Swiss Scenery.—The Queen has sent 50*l.* to M^{rs}. Edmond Adam, as President of the Paris Press Committees for the relief of the Viennese victims, and of the sufferers from the recent Channel gales.

The Prince of Wales joined the Princess and daughters at Sandringham at the end of last week after visiting the Earl of Leicester at Holfham. On Saturday the Prince was present at the customary Christmas distribution of beef to the labourers on the Royal estate, and on Christmas Day the Prince and Princess and their daughters attended Divine Service at Sandringham Church in the morning, and at West Newton in the afternoon, the Rev. F. Hervey officiating at both services.—Princes Albert Victor and George reached Hong-Kong with the Detached Squadron last week. The town was to be illuminated in their honour on Christmas Eve, and on Monday the Princes were to visit Canton.

Prince Leopold will shortly go to Germany on a visit to his betrothed, Princess Hélène of Waldeck. Probably the King and Queen of Holland will be present at the Prince's wedding, Queen Emma being the bride's elder sister. Prince Leopold has written to Mr. Coleridge Kennard expressing his enjoyment of his recent visit to Wilts, and has also sent several of his photographs to the family. The Prince has subscribed 30*l.* to the fund for Irish Ladies in Distress.

King Louis of Bavaria has been travelling *incognito* in Holland as the Count von Marlaf, and has now gone to Brussels. With his usual love of secrecy the King started suddenly from Munich without telling any one where he was going.—The King of the Sandwich Islands' return to Honolulu after his long trip was celebrated with great rejoicing, the town being gay with flags, garlands, and triumphal arches, and being illuminated in the evening, while numerous congratulatory despatches greeted King Kalakaua.

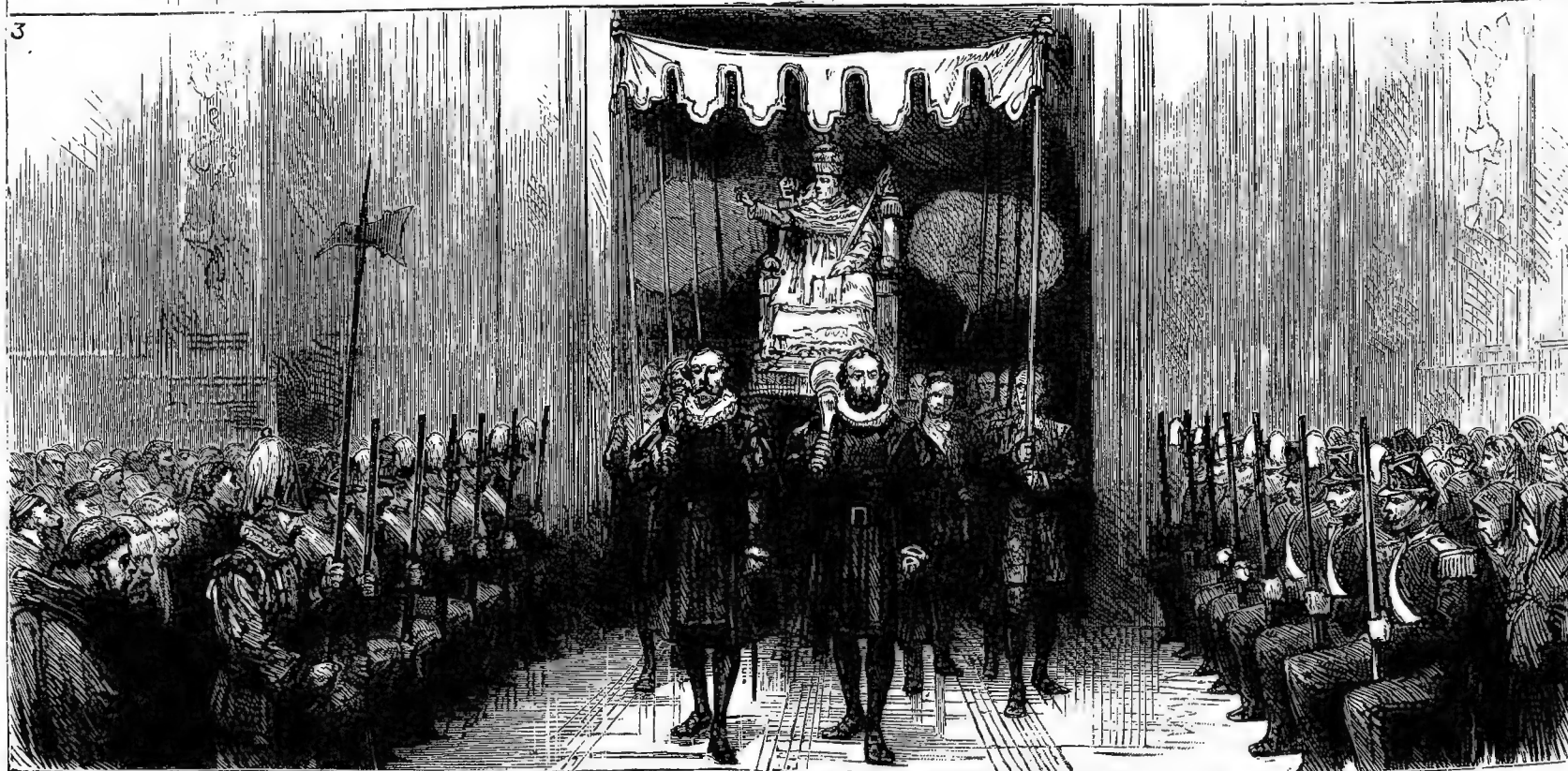
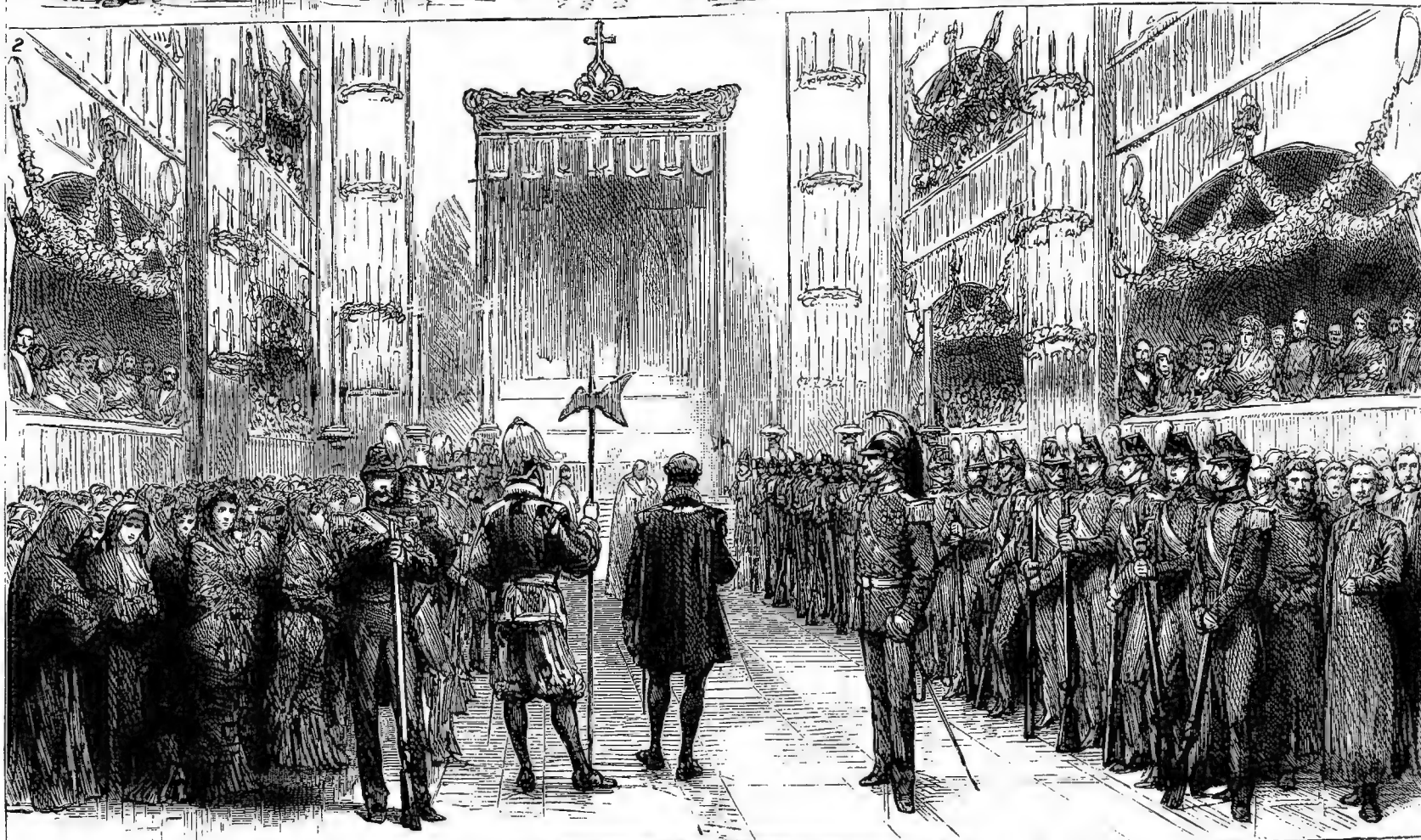


THE CHRISTMAS DAY SERVICES throughout the metropolis were generally well attended. At St. Paul's Cathedral Dean Church preached in the morning and Canon Liddon in the afternoon. At Westminster Abbey Canon Barry occupied the pulpit in the morning and Dean Bradley in the afternoon; at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, the preacher was the Rev. Llewellyn Davies; at the Savoy Chapel, the Rev. Henry White; at St. Alban's, Holborn, the Rev. A. H. Stanton; at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon; at the City Temple, Dr. Parker; and at the Pro-Cathedral, Kensington, Cardinal Manning. On Monday evening a terrible accident occurred in a chapel school-room at Camborne, West Cornwall. A Christmas Entertainment was being held in two rooms, one above the other, when the floor of the upper room suddenly gave way, carrying with it the gas-pipes, and in the darkness precipitating the occupants into the crowded room below. No lives were lost, but many of the 500 who thronged the rooms were seriously injured.

ATTENDANCE AT PUBLIC WORSHIP.—There is a cynical proverb to the effect that nothing is more misleading than facts, except figures, and so well known is it that a clever manipulator of statistics can always make them appear to tell in favour of his own particular view of any question, that the wonder is that so many people deliberately choose this kind of argument, and put themselves to such an immense amount of trouble and expense in collecting the materials with which to construct it. Mr. Miall's elaborate tables of Church and Chapel attendance are an example in point. Notwithstanding his declared assumption of the position of "an outside commentator," we cannot forget the prominent place he occupies in the ranks of the Dissenters, and it seems clear that the real, though unavowed, object of collecting and commenting upon this mass of figures was to show something in favour of Nonconformity as compared with the Church. A perfectly legitimate object, but one that cannot be fairly attained by unofficial reports from irresponsible sources, and these, too, from only a few arbitrarily selected places in the country. Add to this the admitted facts that such statistics as are given were not collected on any uniform plan, and that some of the percentages are based upon an "assumption" which, at best, can only be a good guess, and what becomes of the value of the statistics? So far, however, as any conclusion can be derived from them, it appears to us that the "great fact" is not so much that "the Church of England is no longer the National Church," but that nearly two-thirds of the nation have apparently ceased to belong to any religion at all. But even this rests upon the assumption that all non-attendants at public worship are necessarily irreligious, a conclusion which is scarcely warranted. The sensible Churchman's view of the matter is well put by the Bishop of Winchester, who, in a letter to *The Times*, points out that the claim of the Church to be the National Church is not based solely on mere numerical majority, and reminds us that it is among the non-church-going portion of the community that much of the best work of thousands and hundreds of thousands of earnest and devoted churchmen and churchwomen is done. He also scores a point in favour of Endowment as opposed to Voluntarism, as enabling such workers to devote themselves more completely to the service of the poor.

THE CHURCH AND PAROCHIAL MIGRATION.—The Rev. M. S. A. Walrond, Vicar of St. Lawrence Jewry, in a letter to *The Times*, says that the Primate's Circular on the Church and Emigration suggests another and more immediate practical question. Why should not the system of commendatory letters, advocated by the Archbishop, be tried more diligently "at home?" London, with all its temptations and excitements, is surely as dangerous to youth as any colony; and in spite of (perhaps on account of) all its crowdings, and stream of comers and goers, is often a desolate place for a country man. In his own parish more than one hundred young

REMARKS.—The weather of this period has been very quiet with little or no rain, but the sky has been, on the whole, exceedingly dull, and the air raw and damp. During the first day, two areas of high barometer readings lay over us, and the weather was therefore cold and very foggy, especially on Friday (23rd inst.), when the maximum temperature was only 36°. On Saturday (24th inst.), however, the high pressure moved away from our neighbourhood, and a southerly wind set in of sufficient strength to disperse the fog, and to cause a decided increase in temperature, which rose steadily until Monday (26th inst.), when it reached a maximum of 46°. Since that time we have been on the northern edge of a large area of high pressure, and the weather has also been affected to some extent by a series of depressions, which have been passing along to the northward of the Scotch coasts. The winds have been light from the south-westward or westward, and temperature a little above the average for the time of year. The whole appearance of the weather is very unsettled, but there are at present no signs of the approach of any serious disturbance towards the southern half of the Kingdom. The barometer was highest (30.62 inches) on Tuesday (27th inst.); lowest (29.89 inches) on Thursday (29th inst.); range, 0.73 inches. Temperature was highest (46°) on Monday (26th inst.); lowest (24°) on Saturday (24th inst.); range, 22°. Rain fell on one day only, to the amount of one-hundredth of an inch.



1. The Procession.—2. Awaiting the Arrival of the Pope.—3. Entry of the Pope.

THE CANONIZATION OF SAINTS AT THE VATICAN, ROME



DRAWN BY WILLIAM SMALL

They were made to gallop on ponies on which they had only walked before.

MARION FAY: A Novel

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "FRAMLEY PARSONAGE," "ORLEY FARM," "THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON," "THE WAY WE LIVE NOW," &c., &c.

CHAPTER IX.

AT KÖNIGSGRAAF

VERY shortly after this there came a letter from Lady Frances to Paradise Row,—the only letter which Roden received from her during this period of his courtship. A portion of the letter shall be given, from which the reader will see that difficulties had arisen at Königsgraaf as to their correspondence. He had written twice. The first letter had in due course reached the young lady's hands, having been brought up from the village post-office in the usual manner, and delivered to her without remark by her own maid. When the second reached the Castle it fell into the hands of the Marchioness. She had, indeed, taken steps that it should fall into her hands. She was aware that the first letter had come, and had been shocked at the idea of such a correspondence. She had received no direct authority from her husband on the subject, but felt that it was incumbent on herself to take strong steps. It must not be that Lady Frances should receive love letters from a Post Office clerk! As regarded Lady Frances herself, the Marchioness would have been willing enough that the girl should be given over to a letter-carrier, if she could be thus got rid of altogether,—so that the world should not know that there was or had been a Lady Frances. But the fact was patent,—as was also that too, too sad truth of the existence of a brother older than her own comely bairns. As the feeling of hatred grew upon her, she continually declared to herself that she would have been as gentle a stepmother as ever loved another woman's children, had these two children, how these struggled to repudiate that rank which her own children, born to adorn and protect—was it not natural that she should hate them, and profess that she should wish them to be out of the way? They could not be made to get out of the way, but Lady Frances might at any rate be repressed. Therefore she determined to stop the correspondence.

She did stop the second letter,—and told her daughter that she had done so.

"Papa didn't say I wasn't to have my letters," pleaded Lady Frances.

"Your papa did not suppose for a moment that you would submit to anything so indecent."

"It is not indecent."

"I shall make myself the judge of that. You are now in my care. Your papa can do as he likes when he comes back." There was a long altercation, but it ended in victory on the part of the

Marchioness. The young lady, when she was told that, if necessary, the postmistress in the village should be instructed not to send on any letter addressed to George Roden, believed in the potency of the threat. She felt sure also that she would be unable to get at any letters addressed to herself if the quasi-parental authority of the Marchioness were used to prevent it. She yielded, on the condition, however, that one letter should be sent; and the Marchioness, not at all thinking that her own instructions would have prevailed with the postmistress, yielded so far.

The tenderness of the letter readers can appreciate and understand without seeing it expressed in words. It was very tender, full of promises, and full of trust. Then came the short passage in which her own uncomfortable position was explained:—

"You will understand that there has come one letter which I have not been allowed to see. Whether mamma has opened it I do not know, or whether she has destroyed it. Though I have not seen it, I take it as an assurance of your goodness and truth. But it will be useless for you to write more till you hear from me again; and I have promised that this, for the present, shall be my last to you. The last and the first! I hope you will keep it till you have another, in order that you may have something to tell you how well I love you." As she sent it from her she did not know how much of solace there was even in the writing of a letter to him she loved, nor had she as yet felt how great was the torment of remaining without palpable notice from him she loved.

After the episode of the letter life at Königsgraaf was very bitter and very dull. But few words were spoken between the Marchioness and her stepdaughter, and those were never friendly in their tone or kindly in their nature. Even the children were taken out of their sister's way as much as possible, so that their morals should not be corrupted by evil communication. When she complained of this to their mother the Marchioness merely drew herself up and was silent. Were it possible she would have altogether separated her darlings from contact with their sister, not because she thought that the darlings would in truth be injured,—as to which she had no fears at all, seeing that the darlings were subject to her own influences,—but in order that the punishment to Lady Frances might be the more complete. The circumstances being such as they were, there should be no family love, no fraternal sports, no softnesses, no mercy. There must, she thought, have come from the blood of that first wife a stain of impurity which had made her children altogether unfit for the rank to which they had unfortunately been born. This iniquity on the part of Lady Frances, this disgrace which made her absolutely tremble as she thought of it, this abominable affection for an inferior creature, acerbated her feelings even against Lord Hamp-

stead. The two were altogether so base as to make her think that they could not be intended for Divine Providence to stand permanently in the way of the glory of the family. Something certainly would happen. It would turn out that they were not truly the legitimate children of a real Marchioness. Some beautiful scheme of romance would discover itself to save her and her darlings, and all the Traffords and all the Montessors from the terrible abomination with which they were threatened by these interlopers. The idea dwelt in her mind till it became an almost fixed conviction that Lord Frederic would live to become Lord Hampstead,—or probably Lord Highgate, as there was a third title in the family, and the name of Hampstead must for a time be held to have been disgraced,—and in due course of happy time Marquis of Kingsbury. Hitherto she had been accustomed to speak to her own babies of their elder brother with something of that respect which was due to the future head of the family; but in these days she altered her tone when they spoke to her of Jack, as they would call him, and she, from herself, never mentioned his name to them. "Is Fanny naughty?" Lord Frederic asked one day. To this she made no reply. "Is Fanny very naughty?" the boy persisted in asking. To this she nodded her head solemnly. "What has Fanny done, mamma?" At this she shook her head mysteriously. It may, therefore, be understood that poor Lady Frances was sadly in want of comfort during the sojourn at Königsgraaf.

About the end of August the Marquis returned. He had hung on in London till the very last days of the Session had been enjoyed, and had then pretended that his presence had been absolutely required at Trafford Park. To Trafford Park he went, and had spent ten miserable days alone. Mr. Greenwood had indeed gone with him; but the Marquis was a man who was miserable unless surrounded by the comforts of his family, and he led Mr. Greenwood such a life that that worthy clergyman was very happy when he was left altogether in solitude by his noble friend. Then, in compliance with the promise which he had absolutely made, and aware that it was his duty to look after his wicked daughter, the Marquis returned to Königsgraaf. Lady Frances was to him at this period of his life a cause of unmitigated trouble. It must not be supposed that his feelings were in any way akin to those of the Marchioness as to either of his elder children. Both of them were very dear to him, and of both of them he was in some degree proud. They were handsome, noble-looking, clever, and to himself thoroughly well-behaved. He had seen what trouble other elder sons could give their fathers, what demands were made for increased allowances, what disreputable pursuits were sometimes followed, what quarrels

there were, what differences, what want of affection and want of respect! He was wise enough to have perceived all this, and to be aware that he was in some respects singularly blest. Hampstead never asked him for a shilling. He was a liberal man, and would willingly have given many shillings. But still there was a comfort in having a son who was quite contented in having his own income. No doubt a time would come when those little lords would want shillings. And Lady Frances had always been particularly soft to him, diffusing over his life a sweet taste of the memory of his first wife. Of the present Marchioness he was fond enough, and was aware how much she did for him to support his position. But he was conscious ever of a prior existence in which there had been higher thoughts, grander feelings, and aspirations which were now wanting to him. Of these something would come back in the moments which he spent with his daughter; and in this way she was very dear to him. But now there had come a trouble which robbed his life of all its sweetness. He must go back to the grandeur of his wife and reject the tenderness of his daughter. During these days at Trafford he made himself very unpleasant to the devoted friend who had always been so true to his interests.

When the battle about the correspondence was explained to him by his wife, it, of course, became necessary to him to give his orders to his daughter. Such a matter could hardly be passed over in silence, though he probably might have done so had he not been instigated to action by the Marchioness.

"Fanny," he said, "I have been shocked by these letters."

"I only wrote one, papa."

"Well, one. But two came."

"I only had one, papa."

"That made two. But there should have been no letter at all. Do you think it proper that a young lady should correspond with,—with,—a gentleman in opposition to the wishes of her father and mother?"

"I don't know, papa."

This seemed to him so weak that the Marquis took heart of grace, and made the oration which he felt that he as a father was bound to utter upon the entire question. For, after all, it was not the letters which were of importance, but the resolute feeling which had given birth to the letters. "My dear, this is a most unfortunate affair." He paused for a reply; but Lady Frances felt that the assertion was one to which at the present moment she could make no reply. "It is, you know, quite out of the question that you should marry a young man so altogether unfitted for you in point of station as this young man."

"But I shall, papa."

"Fanny, you can do no such thing."

"I certainly shall. It may be a very long time first: but I certainly shall,—unless I die."

"It is wicked of you, my dear, to talk of dying in that way."

"What I mean is that however long I may live I shall consider myself engaged to Mr. Roden."

"He has behaved very, very badly. He has made his way into my house under a false pretence."

"He came as Hampstead's friend."

"It was very foolish of Hampstead to bring him,—very foolish,—a Post Office clerk!"

"Mr. Vivian is a clerk in the Foreign Office. Why shouldn't one office be the same as another?"

"They are very different;—but Mr. Vivian wouldn't think of such a thing. He understands the nature of things, and knows his own position. There is a conceit about the other man."

"A man should be conceited, papa. Nobody will think well of him unless he thinks well of himself."

"He came to me in Park Lane."

"What! Mr. Roden?"

"Yes; he came. But I didn't see him. Mr. Greenwood saw him."

"What could Mr. Greenwood say to him?"

"Mr. Greenwood could tell him to leave the house,—and he did so. There was nothing more to tell him. Now, my dear, let there be no more about it. If you will put on your hat, we will go out and walk down to the village."

To this Lady Frances gave a ready assent. She was not at all disposed to quarrel with her father, or to take in bad part what he had said about her lover. She had not expected that things would go very easily. She had promised to herself constancy and final success; but she had not expected that in her case the course of true love could be made to run smooth. She was quite willing to return to a condition of good humour with her father, and,—not exactly to drop her lover for the moment,—but so to conduct herself as though he were not paramount in her thoughts. The cruelty of her stepmother had so weighed upon her that she found it to be quite a luxury to be allowed to walk with her father.

"I don't know that anything can be done," the Marquis said a few days afterwards to his wife. "It is one of those misfortunes which do happen now and again!"

"That such a one as your daughter should give herself up to a clerk in the Post Office!"

"What's the use of repeating that so often? I don't know that the Post Office is worse than anything else. Of course it can't be allowed;—and having said so, the best thing will be to go on just as though nothing had happened."

"And let her do just what she pleases?"

"Who's going to let her do anything? She said she wouldn't write, and she hasn't written. We must just take her back to Trafford, and let her forget him as soon as she can."

The Marchioness was by no means satisfied, though she did not know what measure of special severity to recommend. There was once a time,—a very good time, as Lady Kingsbury thought now,—in which a young lady could be locked up in a convent, or perhaps in a prison, or absolutely forced to marry some suitor whom her parents should find for her; but those comfortable days were past. In a prison Lady Frances was detained now; but it was a prison of which the Marchioness were forced to make herself the gaoler, and in which her darlings were made to be fellow-prisoners with their wicked sister. She herself was anxious to get back to Trafford and the comforts of her own home. The beauties of Königsgraff were not lovely to her in her present frame of mind. But how would it be if Lady Frances should jump out of the window at Trafford and run away with George Roden? The windows at Königsgraff were certainly much higher than those at Trafford.

They had made up their mind to return early in September, and the excitement of packing up had almost commenced among them when Lord Hampstead suddenly appeared on the scene. He had had enough of yachting, and had grown tired of books and gardening at Hendon. Something must be done before the hunting began, and so, without notice, he appeared one day at Königsgraff. This was to the intense delight of his brothers, over whose doings he assumed a power which their mother was unable to withstand. They were made to gallop on ponies on which they had only walked before; they were bathed in the river, and taken to the top of the Castle, and shut up in the dungeon after a fashion which was within the reach of no one, but Hampstead. Jack was Jack, and all was delight, as far as the children were concerned; but the Marchioness was not so well pleased with the arrival. A few days after his coming a conversation arose as to Lady Frances which Lady Kingsbury would have avoided had it been possible, but it was forced upon her by her stepson.

"I don't think that Fanny ought to be bullied," said her stepson.

"Hampstead, I wish you would understand that I do not understand strong language."

"Teased, tormented, and made wretched."

"If she be wretched she has brought it on herself."

"But she is not to be treated as though she had disgraced herself."

"She has disgraced herself."

"I deny it. I will not hear such a word said of her even by you." The Marchioness drew herself up as though she had been insulted. "If there is to be such feeling about her in your house I must ask my father to have her removed, and I will make a home for her. I will not see her broken-hearted by cruel treatment. I am sure that he would not wish it."

"You have no right to speak to me in this manner."

"I surely have a right to protect my sister, and I will exercise it." "You have brought most improperly a young man into the house—"

"I have brought into the house a young man whom I am proud to call my friend."

"And now you mean to assist him in destroying your sister."

"You are very wrong to say so. They both know, Roden and my sister also, that I disapprove of this marriage. If Fanny were with me I should not think it right to ask Roden into the house. They would both understand that. But it does not follow that she should be cruelly used."

"No one has been cruel to her but she herself."

"It is easy enough to perceive what is going on. It will be much better that Fanny should remain with the family; but you may be sure of this,—that I will not see her tortured." Then he took himself off, and on the next day he had left Königsgraff. It may be understood that the Marchioness was not reconciled to her Radical stepson by such language as he had used to her. About a week afterwards the whole family returned to England and to Trafford.

CHAPTER X.

"NOBLESSE OBLIGE"

"I QUITE agree," said Hampstead, endeavouring to discuss the matter rationally with his sister, "that her ladyship should not be allowed to torment you."

"She does torment me. You cannot conceive what my life was at Königsgraff! There is a kind of usage which would drive any girl to run away,—or to drown herself. I don't suppose a man can know what it is always to be frowned at. A man has his own friends, and can go anywhere. His spirits are not broken by being isolated. He would not even see half the things which a girl is made to feel. The very servants were encouraged to treat me badly. The boys were not allowed to come near me. I never heard a word that was not intended to be severe."

"I am sure it was bad."

"And it was not made better by the conviction that she has never cared for me. It is to suffer all the authority but to enjoy none of the love of a mother. When Papa came of course it was better; but even Papa cannot make her change her ways. A man is comparatively so very little in the house. If it goes on it will drive me mad."

"Of course I'll stand to you."

"Oh, John, I am sure you will."

"But it isn't altogether easy to know how to set about it. If we were to keep house together at Hendon—"

"As he made this proposition a look of joy came over her face, and shone amidst her tears. "There would, of course, be a difficulty."

"What difficulty?" She, however, knew well what would be the difficulty.

"George Roden would be too near to us."

"I would never see him unless you approved."

"I should not approve. That would be the difficulty. He would argue the matter with me, and I should have to tell him that I could not let him come to the house, except with my father's leave. That would be out of the question. And therefore, as I say, there would be a difficulty."

"I would never see him,—except with your sanction,—nor write to him,—nor receive letters from him. You are not to suppose that I would give him up. I shall never do that. I shall go on and wait. When a girl has once brought herself to tell a man that she loves him, according to my idea she cannot give him up. There are things which cannot be changed. I could have lived very well without thinking of him had I not encouraged myself to love him. But I have done that, and now he must be everything to me."

"I am sorry that it should be so."

"It is so. But if you will take me to Hendon I will never see him till I have Papa's leave. It is my duty to obey him,—but not her."

"I am not quite clear about that."

"She has rejected me as a daughter, and therefore I reject her as a mother. She would get rid of us both if she could."

"You should not attribute to her any such thoughts."

"If you saw her as often as I do you would know. She hates you almost as much as me,—though she cannot show it so easily."

"That she should hate my theories I can easily understand."

"You stand in her way."

"Of course I do. It is natural that a woman should wish to have the best for her own children. I have sometimes myself felt it to be a pity that Frederic should have an elder brother. Think what a gallant young Marquis he would make, while I am altogether out of my element."

"That is nonsense, John."

"I ought to have been a tailor. Tailors, I think, are generally the most ill-conditioned, sceptical, and patriotic of men. Had my natural propensities been sharpened by the difficulty of maintaining a wife and children upon seven and sixpence a day, I really think I could have done something to make myself conspicuous. As it is I am neither one thing nor another; neither fish nor fowl nor good red herring. To the mind devoted to marquises I can understand that I should be a revolting being. I have no aptitude for aristocratic prettinesses. Her ladyship has three sons, either of whom would make a perfect Marquis. How is it possible that she should not think that I am standing in her way?"

"But she knew of your existence when she married Papa."

"No doubt she did;—but that does not alter her nature. I think I could find it in my heart to forgive her, even though she attempted to poison me, so much do I stand in her way. I have sometimes thought that I ought to repudiate myself; give up my prospects, and call myself John Trafford—so as to make way for her more lordly lordlings."

"That is nonsense, John."

"At any rate it is impossible. I could only do it by blowing my brains out—which would not be in accordance with my ideas of life. But you are not in anybody's way. There is nothing to be got by poisoning you. If she were to murder me there would be something reasonable in it,—something that one could pardon; but in torturing you she is instigated by a vile ambition. She is afraid lest her own position should be tarnished by an inferior marriage on your part. There would be something noble in killing me for the sake of dear little Fred. She would be getting something for him who, of course, is most dear to her. But the other is the meanest vanity;—and I will not stand it."

This conversation took place early in October, when they had been some weeks at Trafford Park. Hampstead had come and gone as was his wont, never remaining there above two or three days at a time. Lord Kingsbury, who was ill at ease, had run

hither and thither about the country, looking after this or the other property, and staying for a day or two with this or the other friend. The Marchioness had declined to invite any friends to the house, declaring to her husband that the family was made unfit for gaiety by the wicked conduct of his eldest daughter. There was no attempt even at shooting the pheasants, or even of preparing to shoot them, so great was the general depression. Mr. Greenwood was there, and was thrown into very close intercourse with her ladyship. He fully sympathised with her ladyship. Although he had always agreed with the Marquis,—as he had not forgotten to tell George Roden during that interview in London,—in regard to his lordship's early political tenets, nevertheless his mind was so constituted that he was quite at one with her ladyship as to the disgraceful horror of low associations for noble families. Not only did he sympathise as to the abomination of the Post Office clerk, but he sympathised also fully as to the positive unfitness which Lord Hampstead displayed for that station in life to which he had been called. Mr. Greenwood would sigh and wheeze and groan when the future prospects of the House of Trafford were discussed between him and her ladyship. It might be,—or it might not be,—well, so he kindly put it in talking to the Marchioness, that a nobleman should indulge himself with Liberal politics; but it was dreadful to think that the heir to a great title should condescend to opinions worthy of a Radical tailor. For Mr. Greenwood agreed with Lord Hampstead about the tailors. Lord Hampstead seemed to him to be a matter simply for sorrow,—not for action. Nothing, he thought, could be done in regard to Lord Hampstead. Time,—time that destroys but which also cures so many things,—would no doubt have its effect; so that Lord Hampstead might in the fulness of years live to be as staunch a supporter of his class as any Duke or Marquis living. Or perhaps,—perhaps, it might be that the Lord would take him. Mr. Greenwood saw that this remark was more to the purpose, and at once went to work with the Peerage, and found a score of cases in which, within half-a-century, the second brother had risen to the title. It seemed, indeed, from what he said, to be the case that a peculiar mortality attached itself to the eldest sons of Peers. This was comforting. But there was not in it so much ground for positive action as at the present moment existed in regard to Lady Frances. On this matter there was a complete unison of spirit between the two friends.

Mr. Greenwood had seen the objectionable young man, and could say how thoroughly objectionable he was at all points,—how vulgar, flippant, ignorant, impudent, exactly what a clerk in the Post Office might be expected to be. Any severity, according to Mr. Greenwood, would be justified in keeping the two young persons apart. Gradually Mr. Greenwood learnt to talk of the female young person with very little of that respect which he showed to other members of the family. In this way her ladyship came to regard Lady Frances as though she were not Lady Frances at all,—as though she were some distant Fanny Trafford, a girl of bad taste and evil conduct, who had unfortunately been brought into the family on grounds of mistaken charity.

Things had so gone on at Trafford, that Trafford had hardly been preferable to Königsgraff. Indeed, at Königsgraff there had been no Mr. Greenwood, and Mr. Greenwood had certainly added much to the annoyances which poor Lady Frances was made to bear. In this condition of things she had written to her brother, begging him to come to her. He had come, and thus had taken place the conversation which has been given above.

On the same day Hampstead saw his father, and discussed the matter with him;—that matter, and, as will be seen, some others also. "What on earth do you wish me to do about her?" asked the Marquis.

"Let her come and live with me at Hendon. If you will let me have the house I will take all the rest upon myself."

"Keep an establishment of your own?"

"Why not? If I found I couldn't afford it I'd give up the hunting and stick to the yacht."

"It isn't about money," said the Marquis, shaking his head.

"Her ladyship never liked Hendon for herself."

"Nor is it about the house. You might have the house and welcome. But how can I give up my charge over your sister just when I know that she is disposed to do just what she ought not?"

"She won't be a bit more likely to do it there than here," said the brother.

"He would be quite close to her."

"You may take this for granted, sir, that no two persons would be more thoroughly guided by a sense of duty than my sister and George Roden."

"Did she show her duty when she allowed herself to be engaged to a man like that without saying a word to any of her family?"

"She told her ladyship as soon as it occurred."

"She should not have allowed it to have occurred at all. It is nonsense talking like that. You cannot mean to say that such a girl as your sister is entitled to do what she likes with herself without consulting any of her family,—even to accepting such a man as this for her lover."

"I hardly know," said Hampstead, thoughtfully.

"You ought to know. I know. Everybody knows. It is nonsense talking like that."

"I doubt whether people do know," said Hampstead. "She is twenty-one, and as far as the law goes might, I believe, walk out of the house, and marry any man she pleases to-morrow. You as her father have no authority over her whatever." Here the indignant father jumped up from his chair; but his son went on with his speech, as though determined not to be interrupted,—"except what may come to you by her good feeling, or else from the fact that she is dependent on you for her maintenance."

"Good G—!" shouted the Marquis!

"I think this is about the truth of it. Young ladies do subject themselves to the authority of their parents from feeling, from love, and from dependence; but, as far as I understand the matter, they are not legally subject beyond a certain age."

"You'd talk the hind legs off a dog."

"I wish I could. But one may say a few words without being so eloquent as that. If such is the case I am not sure that Fanny has been morally wrong. She may have been foolish. I think she has been, because I feel that the marriage is not suitable for her."

"Noblesse oblige," said the Marquis, putting his hand upon his bosom.

"No doubt. Nobility, whatever may be its nature, imposes bonds on us. And if these bonds be not obeyed then nobility ceases. But I deny that any nobility can bind us to any conduct which we believe to be wrong."

"Who has said that it does?"

"Nobility," continued the son, not regarding his father's question. "cannot bind me to do that which you or others think to be right, I do not approve it myself."

"What on earth are you driving at?"

"You imply that because I belong to a certain order,—or my sister,—we are bound to those practices of life which that order regards with favour. This I deny both on her behalf and my own. I didn't make myself the eldest son of an English peer. I do acknowledge that as very much has been given to me in the way of education, of social advantages, and even of money, a higher line of conduct is justly demanded from me than from those who have been less gifted. So far, noblesse oblige. But before I undertake the duty thus imposed upon me, I must find out what is that higher line of conduct. Fanny should do the same. In marrying George Roden

she would be better following your maxim than in giving herself to some noodle of a lord who from first to last will have nothing to be proud of beyond his acres and his title."

The Marquis had been walking about the room impatiently, while his didactic son was struggling to explain his own theory as to those words *noblesse oblige*. Nothing could so plainly express the feelings of the Marquis on the occasion as that illustration of his as to the dog's hind legs. But he was a little ashamed of it, and did not dare to use it twice on the same occasion. He fretted and fumed, and would have stopped Hampstead had it been possible; but Hampstead was irrepressible when he had become warm on his own themes, and his father knew that he must listen on to the bitter end. "I won't have her go to Hendon at all," he said, when his son had finished.

"Then you will understand little of her nature,—or of mine. Roden will not come near her there. I can hardly be sure that he will not do so here. Here Fanny will feel that she is being treated as an enemy."

"You have no right to say so."

"There she will know that you have done much to promote her happiness. I will give you my assurance that she will neither see him nor write to him. She has promised as much to me herself, and I can trust her."

"Why should she be so anxious to leave her natural home?"

"Because," said Hampstead boldly, "she has lost her natural mother." The Marquis frowned awfully at hearing this. "I have not a word to say against my stepmother as to myself. I will not accuse her of anything as to Fanny,—except that they thoroughly misunderstand each other. You must see it yourself, sir." The Marquis had seen it very thoroughly. "And Mr. Greenwood has taken upon himself to speak to her,—which was I think very impertinent."

"I never authorised him."

"But he did. Her ladyship no doubt authorised him. The end of it is that Fanny is watched. Of course she will not bear a continuation of such misery. Why should she? It will be better that she should come to me than be driven to go off with her lover."

Before the week was over the Marquis had yielded. Hendon Hall was to be given up altogether to Lord Hampstead, and his sister was to be allowed to live with him as the mistress of his house. She was to come in the course of next month, and remain there at any rate till the spring. There would be a difficulty about the hunting, no doubt, but that Hampstead if necessary was prepared to abandon for the season. He thought that perhaps he might be able to run down twice a week to the Vale of Aylesbury, going across from Hendon to the Willesden Junction. He would make his sister's comfort the first object of his life, and would take care that in doing so George Roden should be excluded altogether from the arrangement.

The Marchioness was paralysed when she heard that Lady Frances was to be taken away,—to be taken into the direct neighbourhood of London and the Post Office. "Very many words she said to her husband, and often the Marquis vacillated. But, when once the promise was given, Lady Frances was strong enough to demand its fulfilment. It was on this occasion that the Marchioness first allowed herself to speak to Mr. Greenwood with absolute disapproval of her husband. "To Hendon Hall!" said Mr. Greenwood, holding up his hands with surprise when the project was explained.

"Yes, indeed! It does seem to me to be the most,—most improper sort of thing to do."

"He can walk over there every day, as soon as he has got rid of the letters." Mr. Greenwood probably thought that George Roden was sent about with the Post Office bags.

"Of course they will meet."

"I fear so, Lady Kingsbury."

"Hampstead will arrange that for them."

"No, no!" said the clergyman, as though he were bound on behalf of the family to repudiate an idea that was so damnable to its honour.

"It is just what he will do. Why else should he want to have her there? With his ideas he would think it the best thing he could do utterly to degrade us all. He has no idea of the honour of his brothers. How should he, when he is so anxious to sacrifice his own sister? As for me, of course, he would do anything to break my heart. He knows that I am anxious for his father's name, and, therefore, he would disgrace me in any way that was possible. But that the Marquis should consent!"

"That is what I cannot understand," said Mr. Greenwood.

"There must be something in it, Mr. Greenwood, which they mean to keep from me."

"The Marquis can't intend to give her to that young man!"

"I don't understand it. I don't understand it at all," said the Marchioness. "He did seem so firm about it. As for the girl herself, I will never see her again after she has left my house in such a fashion. And, to tell the truth, I never wish to see Hampstead again. They are plotting against me; and if there is anything I hate it is a plot." In this way Mr. Greenwood and the Marchioness became bound together in their great disapproval of Lady Frances and her love.

(To be continued.)



MR. BLACKMORE'S "Christowell" (3 vols., Sampson Low and Co.) deserves to be read with, and cannot rightly or justly be read without, the attention due to the very best kind of fiction. Its manner is fully as important as its matter, and to skip a sentence is to run the risk of losing a gem of description or epigram, or some sharp stroke of character letting light into some hitherto unsuspected corner of human nature. Like Mr. Blackmore's novels in general, it combines a broad simplicity of effect with extraordinarily minute elaboration of detail, and brings into harmonious contrast the artificial complications of human folly with the perfectly ordered sense and purity of Nature, and of those who work with her. There is something angelic about Mr. Blackmore's flowers, and something flower-like, in no sentimental sense, about such a heroine as Rose Arthur, plus the humour which not even the most enthusiastic lovers of Nature can claim for any but human souls. The same sort of correspondence is suggested by her father, who is the central figure of the story. As a gardener, he has the delight of genius in creating or developing beauty, and the process reacts upon him mentally and morally. His moral heroism and his passion for the perfection of every vine tended are not cause and consequence, but are one and the same thing. The story—an improbable enough romance—is little more than the rough soil for these and their fellow characters to grow in. It is interesting, but the real value is the result of its exquisite humour—not in the sense of comedy only, but in the sense which includes pathos and that more subtle quality which is comedy and pathos in one. Of course, such a local background as an out-of-the-world parish on the border of Dartmoor forty years ago implies the presence of a host of those unconsciously eccentric characters of whom Mr. Blackmore is the unrivalled portrait-painter—the parsons, carriers, and country-cobblers, who used to be found everywhere in the West, and are still to be found somewhere. It also, in this case, implies much wholesomely stinging protest, more

or less open, against the pestilent heresy that the march of civilisation must necessarily and always be on the right and upward road. "Christowell" is by no means written in sympathy with the list of new Railway Bills. Probably from this point of view its effect will be poor enough, seeing that it places some hundreds of matters above the interests of finance and engineering. But, for the rest, whoever fails to enjoy it and to linger over it must have a very purblind sense of humour and beauty. In this respect "Christowell" is a masterpiece; as a story it does not fall very far short of being the same.

It must be the pleasure, it ought to be the duty, of every novelist who owes any measure of repute to a training in the great old school of romantic history to use some part of his success in keeping that school alive. Mr. Gibbon's "The Braes of Yarrow" (3 vols., Sampson Low and Co.) is therefore doubly welcome—both for its own sake and its author's, and as a contribution to that form of fiction for which, in our hearts, so many of us are ready to do battle against all the tea-table psychology that ever was probed by pen. In short, Mr. Gibbon has indulged himself with writing a romance of the Borders during the year after Flodden, nominally for his own three boys, really for all who have enjoyed Scott and who refuse to consider Dumas the Elder a charlatan. All is plot, counter-plot, galloping incident, and exciting adventure, all admirably told and managed from the beginning till very nearly the end. The characters range downwards from the nobles intriguing for the Regency, and include moss-troopers, witches, and Gilbin Horner of goblin memory. The novel is no mere echo of a dead school. It has so much of the old fire, life, and spirit, and is so full of delight in the ballad literature from which that school sprang, as to seem the genuine product of half a century ago, only a little over-modernised. Mr. Gibbon seems to expect his critics to uncover his anachronisms. We should as soon think of finding immaterial flaws in a handsome present for which we are heartily thankful.

"The Missing Note," by Mrs. George Corbett (1 vol., Chapman and Hall), is one of those stories of crime and detection which used to be rather over-popular before their trick became common. Instead, however, of taking one crime for its motive, it deals with so many as to cut up the interest a great deal too small—indeed, by the time that the last has been disposed of, all necessity for clearing up the first has been forgotten. The consequent absence of effect is not made up for by exceedingly trite reflections about love and other less important matters, or by a profusion of italics without any discoverable reason. Moreover, in novels of this by no means exalted order it is fatal to make no secret of what is going to be discovered—the excitement of suspense and mystery is the only meritorious feature to which detective fiction can lay claim. "The Missing Note" is perfectly harmless, and may slightly amuse readers whose tastes for fiction are still in an elementary stage.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES

IT is only of late years that the fact has been made evident that a certain percentage of people do not see colours as they ought to see them, and the term "colour-blindness" is now a recognised title for that defect. The subject has assumed great importance from the circumstance that railway signals, the right understanding of which often means the safety of many lives, are at night almost wholly dependent upon the different hues of coloured lights. More than this, the colours used for this purpose, red for danger, and green for caution, happen to be the very two colours which persons with abnormal eyes are likely to make mistakes about. It will also be remembered that steamboats use these two colours at night, to distinguish between port and starboard. A valuable contribution to the study of colour-blindness has lately been made by Dr. William Thomson, of Philadelphia, in the shape of a simple instrument for testing the perception of colour in different individuals.

This instrument was originally designed for use among the employees of the Pennsylvania Railway. These employees number about 35,000 men, scattered over several thousand miles of country, and are almost inaccessible for purposes of examination, unless some system could be devised by which unskilled hands could play the part of examiners. Dr. William Thomson's instrument meets this want, and does so in such a successful manner that, at the request of our Board of Trade, one of them has been forwarded to this country. The instrument consists of a number of skeins of worsted of different colours, arranged in a certain order, and numbered, hanging from a stick. The person to be examined is first handed a test skein of green worsted, and is told to select ten skeins from the stick which he considers to match it in colour. These skeins, when selected, are thrown across the other side of the stick, and any person can record the result by quoting their numbers in a blank space on an official form provided for the purpose. This form, duly filled up, is sent to headquarters, and so the condition of every man on the line with regard to colour-sense is accurately determined. These reports show that rather more than 4 per cent. of the men do not see colours in the normal manner. This mode of testing the vision for colour is so simple and effective, that it will probably be in time to come widely adopted.

The new metallic compound, phosphor bronze, has recently come into use for many purposes where strength and freedom from corrosion are qualities especially desired. It has been tried with success for guns and screw propellers, and now a steam launch, built entirely of the material, has been constructed, and has passed its trial trip most satisfactorily. The vessel, which measures 35 feet in length, with a beam of 6 feet, attained a speed of 12½ miles per hour, while, as regards rigidity and absence of vibration, her performance was everything that could be desired. It is intended by the Phosphor Bronze Company to build vessels on a larger scale. The new material costs somewhat more than steel, but its non-corrosive properties would seem to reckon it among those things which are "cheaper in the end."

We have to record two new developments of electrical science. The first is the application of the electric current to the hiving of a swarm of bees, which has lately been successfully accomplished by some experimenters in Germany. The bees were so stupefied that they were safely handled and dealt with as desired, no bad effects following their temporary disablement. The second application of electricity is of Spanish origin, and has been devised to prevent military conscripts committing any fraud with respect to their stature. It seems that it is a custom among unwilling recruits to bend their knees during the operation of measuring, so that their height may be found under the necessary standard. By the new arrangement the measuring post is furnished with electrical contact pieces, which can be adjusted for each individual just at the back of the knees. So long as the man stands upright these contact pieces cause a bell to ring, but directly the pressure is removed by any bending of the knees, the bell is silent. Another bell is made to act by the pressure of the top of the head, and the conscientious recruit will, when he is measured, cause both bells to ring simultaneously. The system has been adopted in the Spanish Army.

Preparations for furnishing the dynamo machines which have for some weeks provided electric lighting for the town of Godalming with water-power in lieu of steam-power, have just been completed, and have been successfully tried. The flooded state of the River Wey—involving a large quantity of backwater—has rendered that stream so sluggish that the water-wheels employed would only transmit to the machines a speed of 700 revolutions per minute, the number required being 840 per minute. It therefore became

necessary to call in the help of steam as an auxiliary, and an engine, held in reserve in case of accident, was employed. The dynamo machine employed is that of Siemens. It absorbs ten-horse power, and supplies seven arc lamps, besides forty of Swan's incandescent lamps.

The last number of the *American Naturalist* contains a very interesting description of the exploration, by Messrs. Cope and Packard, of the Nickajack Cave, which seems to rival in its dimensions the celebrated Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. This cave is situated on the southern boundary of Tennessee, and has been explored for many miles without the discovery of a termination to any of its numerous galleries. Besides traces of former human occupation, many interesting animals were found in the cave. The blind fishes were absent, but a snow-white and blind crawfish was found in great numbers, besides other crustacea. Full descriptions, as well as figures, of these new additions to natural history will be found in the paper referred to.

The introduction of the industry whereby milk is preserved and carried from one country to another in a condensed state has been followed by the condensation of the juice of the grape. The wine material so treated is said to lose none of its virtues, and can easily be brought back to its pristine state when required. A like invention is that of a German, Herr P. N. Dittmar, who has discovered a means of rendering petroleum solid. In this state it can be readily transported from place to place, and is not so liable to ignition as in the liquid state. The transformation of the liquid is said to be very cheap, and it is easily again liquefied by the addition of vinegar. In many regions, where wood is scarce and petroleum is abundant, this discovery will be of the greatest importance.

With reference to our recent description of a stove heated by acetate of soda, M. Ancelin—who was the first to apply the same principle to foot-warmers on railways—writes to remind us that his patent covers the improvements claimed by the inventor of the stove, and requests us to give publicity to the matter.

T. C. H.

THE LATE CANONISATION AT ROME

THE Canonisation of four new Saints which took place at the Vatican on Thursday, the 8th inst., was the first which the Roman Catholic Church has celebrated for more than twenty years.

The Pope decided that the ceremony should not take place in St. Peter's, but in the immense Chamber situated immediately over the great Portico of the Basilica, where formerly the "Cena" used to take place, and which is in itself as large as three ordinary English churches laid end to end.

But this comparatively restricted space made it necessary to exclude from assisting at the ceremony many persons, including Bishops and Prelates,—whose position otherwise gave them a right to be present.

The Function was nominally to commence at eight A.M., which rendered it necessary, as I was the fortunate possessor of a ticket, to be at the Vatican gates soon after seven; a singular hour at which to be making an evening toilette, but this is *de rigueur*. On all public occasions at the Vatican, the men are expected to appear in dress coats and white cravats, and the ladies in black dresses with black veils by way of head-covering.

The four Saints newly given to the Church are John Baptist de Rossi, who was born in 1698, Lorenzo da Brindisi, born in 1559, Clara of Montefalco, 1268, who was a nun of the Augustine Order, and Joseph Labre, born in 1748 in a little place close to Boulogne-sur-Mer. This latter saint lived here in Rome as a mendicant for fifteen years, sleeping at night in a little hole in the wall of the Coliseum. He was beatified (the first step towards canonisation) by Pius IX. in 1860.

One of the Palatine Guard who stood near me during the ceremonies told me that he remembered the Beatification, having been on service in the Church on that day also, but that he little expected to be present at the Canonization, nearly twenty-two years afterwards. I was on the scene early enough to secure an excellent place about midway. The spaces between the columns and recesses of the immense Sala dei Paramenti, where the ceremony was held, were all draped with cloth of gold, and decorated with enormous wreaths and garlands of flowers, while thousands of wax lights shed their soft glow upon a scene of such brilliancy of colour, variety of costume, and stateliness of ritual as can only be seen in Rome, and now only outside the walls of that vast and splendid palace, the Vatican. The whole of the cornices and all the salient lines in the architecture of the Sala were lit with countless rows of candles, and the colossal floral emblems projecting from the walls each held their quota, while a single line of Brobdignagian wax tapers, each as thick as a man's leg, and fixed in massive gilt candlesticks, ten or twelve feet high, went across the hall at the beginning of the space reserved around the altar for the Cardinals and other dignitaries.

The whole of the Corps Diplomatique accredited to the Vatican was there in the fullest of full dress, not an Order or a Star was wanting, and I noticed the superior grace with which the ladies of the Spanish Embassy wore their veils, which in their case, with the addition of a few diamond stars, appeared to be the most perfectly becoming headdress they could have selected.

His Holiness entered the Sala at ten o'clock; his coming was heralded by a long procession, beginning with monks of various orders all bearing lighted tapers, then Churchmen of a most every degree, including about 270 Bishops and Archbishops in fullest state, then the Pope's Swiss Guards in their quaint mediæval costume; prelates attached to the household; "Camerieri Segreti," in their black velvet dresses of the fashion of the fifteenth century, with quaint ruffs, gold chains, and slender rapier hanging by the side; "Guardia Nobili," in a dress of modern cut, but with classic helmets, with long streaming tails of black horsehair.

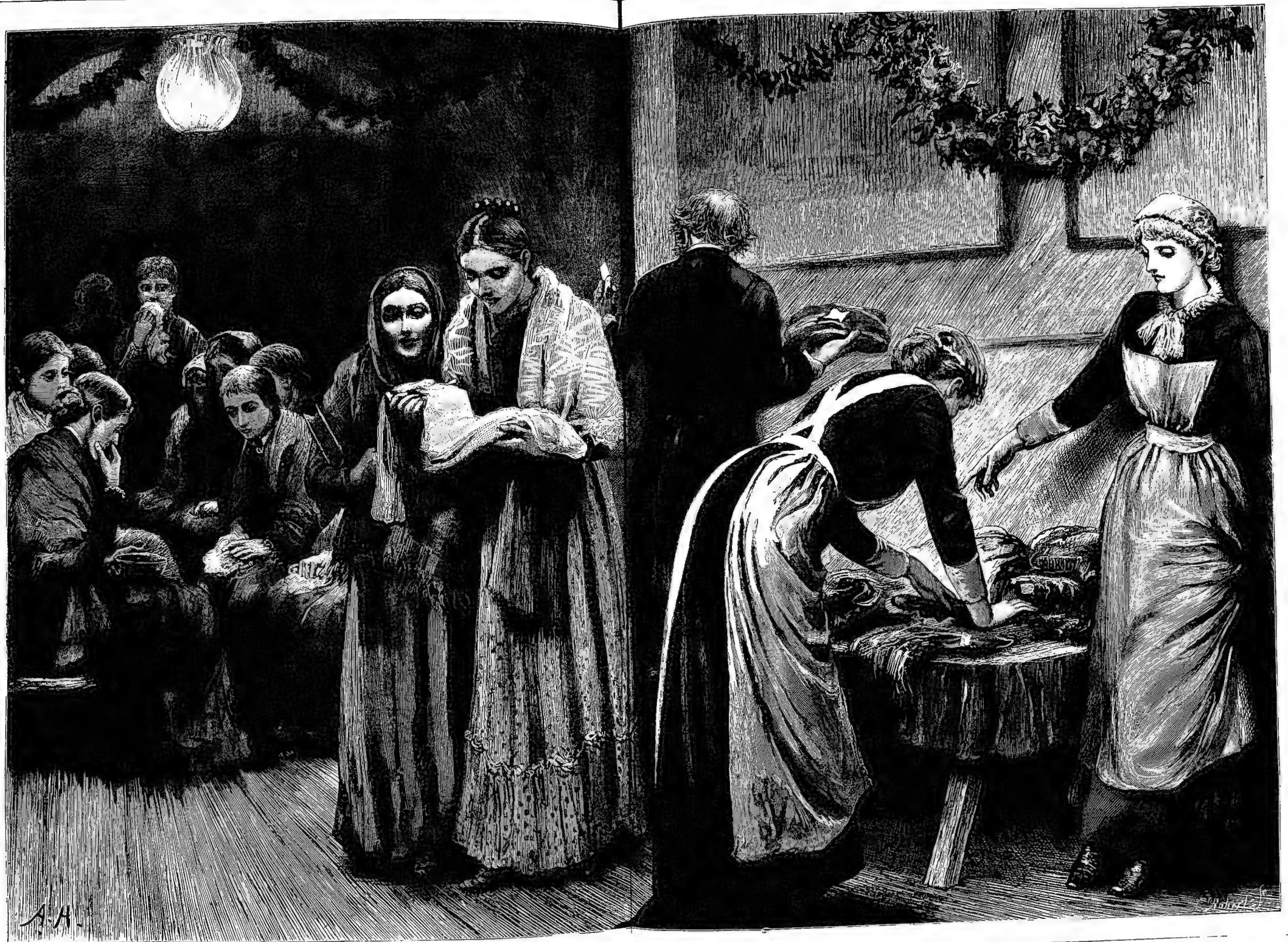
A space separates the imposing figure of the Pontiff, seated in the traditional "Sedia Gestatoria," wearing the triple crown, and holding a lighted taper in his left hand, from those who follow or precede him, and the effect is very fine. The front line of guards drop on one knee as he approaches, and all bow their heads.

At the conclusion of the formal enunciation by the Pope of the Sanctification, the famous silver trumpets, which have not been heard in Rome for eleven years, played a soft strain, and the effect was exquisite, contrasting strangely with the clash of arms as the troops grounded arms and knelt at the word of command from their officers. After Mass had been celebrated by the Pope, the second and principal procession of the day took place, viz., that of the New Saints.

A deputation from each of the places to which they had belonged brought the offerings which, in accordance with traditional custom, are made on these occasions, namely, two cakes of bread, gilt with gold and silver, a miniature golden barrel of wine and another of water, two pigeons, two turtle doves, and a cage full of little singing birds. The twittering of some of these little creatures, who were carried by an aged monk, was distinctly heard amid the hushed rustle of the procession.

I have omitted to mention the striking and stately figure of the Grand Master of the Knights of Malta, and the jeweled magnificence of some of the Oriental Bishops and Patriarchs, noticeably splendid where all was splendid. I also saw for the first time in a church ceremonial two large bouquets of flowers, supported on long slender black rods which pierced through their centre. These were carried by young boys, and doubtless have some mystic signification of which I am unaware.

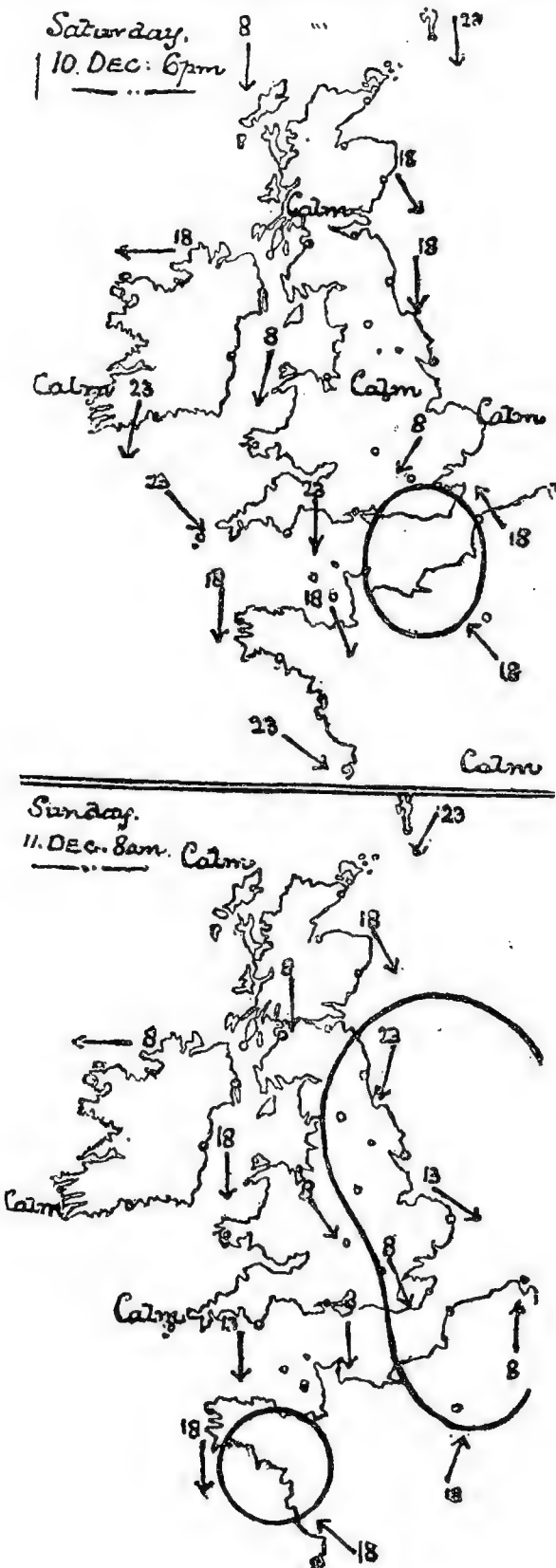
F. E. T.



CHRISTMAS PRESENTS FOR THE SICK
A SKETCH AT THE BROMPTON HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTION

THE MISSING BALLOON

It is erroneous to suppose that balloons are guided by no fixed law. The motion of these aerial machines are strictly limited by two conditions, first, the wind and weather, and secondly, the stability of the balloon and the completeness of equipment of gas and ballast. With regard to the first of these conditions we are enabled to place before our readers two charts showing the meteorological conditions. No. 1 gives the distribution of pressure and the currents of wind at 6 P.M. on Saturday, December 10th, that is, almost at the very time that the balloon broke away. From this it will be seen that a small depression lay over the south-east of England, the upper part of the Channel, and the north-east of France, round which centre the wind circulated in the ordinary way. The arrows fly with the wind, and the figures at their tails show the number of miles per hour at which it was blowing, while their directions show that at the spot from which the balloon ascended there was a north-east wind blowing, that over the centre of the



Channel this changed to a north wind, which in turn became a north-west wind on the French coast. In Chart No. 2, which shows the distribution at 8 A.M. on Sunday, the depression had increased considerably in size, and extended from the north-east of France northward over England; but a still more important change was the appearance of a small subsidiary depression over the north-west of France, causing an east-north-east wind to spring up at Ushant. Looking at the probabilities of the passage solely from its scientific aspect, it may safely be said that the chart of Saturday evening would promise as successful a passage as could ever be expected at this time of the year. The force of the wind was about twenty miles per hour, which, taking the Channel at this point to be about 120 miles wide, would have taken the balloon across by about midnight, when it would have found a north-westerly breeze blowing, which would have carried it well inland over France. Of course, if the wind out at sea had been much lighter than that on the coast—a contingency which is very improbable—the passage might have been so delayed as to allow time for the establishment of the easterly current shown off the north-west of France in Chart No. 2, which would have carried the balloon out into the ocean, where no help could possibly have been obtained. This hypothesis seems, however, very improbable when regarded meteorologically, as it appears almost impossible, if the balloon were able to live for, say, six hours, that she should not, considering the favourable conditions of wind, have reached the French coast in safety.

It is altogether much more likely that it was to the condition of the balloon that the trip owes its probably fatal ending. It can hardly have escaped notice that it was to the valve rope, and not to the tow rope, that Captain Templer clung, when vainly attempting to hold

the balloon for Mr. Powell to descend; and, notwithstanding the simplicity and strength of the mechanism of the balloon valve, it is more than possible that it was unable, uninjured, to withstand the whole efforts of a powerful man like Captain Templer. In this case the rise from the ground could only be the effect of its release from the weight of two of its occupants, and it would soon settle down again, and probably drop into the sea within a few hundred yards of the shore.

W. LISCOMBE DALLAS



"THE FOLK-LORE RECORD, Vol. IV." (printed for the Folk-lore Society, 25, Parliament Street), is an exceptionally interesting number. Mr. A. Nutt's paper applies, to the hero-tales of the Celts, Von Hahn's system, as tabulated in his "Aryan Expulsion and Return Formula." The analogies between the great Gaelic epic of Fionn and the Arthurian legends are indicated rather than fully followed out; but one of Mr. Nutt's remarks throws considerable light on the reason for their unlikeness: "Both cycles of tradition fell early into the hands of purely literary writers," who went off each along his own line, while those who romanticised the Welsh hero-tales "dominated European literature for 400 years." Mr. Nutt follows Von Hahn in denying these legends any substratum of fact; we must be content to take Arthur as a solar myth; it is because we have scarcely anything of him but the mediæval (i.e., the late) version that he seems so historical. Mr. Nutt commends his paper to "a Celtic scholar who is also a trained comparative mythologist." Such men are, we fear (as was once said of "godly men who know Greek"), unhappily very few. It is curious to find even the Arthur legends quoted out of such a thorough Teuton as Schulz. Of course, Mr. Nutt sends us to Campbell's "Tales of the Western Highlands," and we are glad he does not forget the late P. Kennedy, who did good service with his "Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts," and other books. But his great authorities are Germans, and he talks of the Fionn saga and the Welsh and Gaelic Helden-sage in a way which must make true Celts very indignant. It is their own fault: why do they leave the philosophic study of their old myths to Teutons? The other papers in the volume are quite up to the average; "Euphemism in China" is very readable; for the word *funeral*, for instance, a Chinaman will substitute "a white affair." The great value of these books is the guidance they afford to those who have the chance of collecting myths, or proverbs, or scraps of folk-lore, but who do not quite know what to do or how to do it.

Mr. W. Tayler's illustrations are excellent, some of them worthy of *Punch* in the good old days of long ago. But the art of hitting off a likeness is not always a help to official success. The men whose wives Mr. Tayler sketched to admiration at Calcutta may have feared his talent as a caricaturist. Anyhow, when he missed his sadder appointment he was told in confidence, "There is a loose screw somewhere—maybe in the paint-box." Moreover, his letters on needful reforms are just of the kind to "rile" the big-wigs. His reforms were mostly adopted, but he was shunted, and no wonder, seeing how he poked fun at the seniors to whom he was undertaking to give advice. In fact, his delightful chapter on that most impudent of all birds, the Indian crow, is an earnest of the whole book. He has a crow to pick with almost everybody, and his picking it so unreservedly makes his book all the more interesting to the old Indians for whom its personalities recall the times of their youth. Life, too, has so changed in India that it is well to have the experiences of a civilian of the past so amusingly photographed. Mr. Tayler's career dates from 1829. He served in all departments, and he promises to tell us in a second volume why he was, during the Mutiny of 1857, dismissed "for violent and unwise proceedings" from the Commissionership of Patna. If his artistic powers sometimes stood in his light, they passed him (he thinks) through the cadetship examination; and his being asked, after the first Punjab campaign, to paint a big picture of the triumphal reception of the Sikh guns is another instance in which his pencil did him good service. Life in India is often such a weary thing that a little fun goes a long way; but Mr. Tayler has contrived to throw so much spirit into his account of *tableaux vivants* and "squibs," and copies of verses and robber-catching adventures, and the like, that even outsiders will laugh heartily at the letter-press of "Thirty-eight Years in India" (W. H. Allen), while (as we said) the drawings are delightful.

Mr. Lewis Sergeant expresses himself so clearly that, whether we agree with him or not, we are never at a loss for his meaning. The origin of the Whigs, their traditions; those of the Tories; Canning's foreign policy, and Palmerston's; Lord Beaconsfield's "divagations," and "the new departure" under Mr. Gladstone. These, and what Democratic foreign policy is likely to be, form the subject of "England's Policy: Its Traditions and Problems" (Edinburgh: Macniven and Wallace). Of course there is plenty about Russia in Asia, and the Treaty of Berlin and the (so called) European Concert, Mr. Sergeant's own opinion being shown in his admiring parallel between Mr. Gladstone and Canning. We trust the chronic anarchy in which Canning's Republics have kept South America is not an augury of the state to which the Gladstone policy would reduce Eastern Europe. Mr. Sergeant fails to clear Lord Russell from "meddling and muddling" in the case of Denmark. He says Englishmen would not have liked him to land them in a war with Germany. He forgets that, had we been firm, France would have held with us, and the Germans would never have ventured to go on. He is so hard on Charles II., that we can fancy some of his readers being moved to try and "rehabilitate" the Merry Monarch; but, on the other hand, he sees William III. was not the demigod that Macaulay makes him; time after time he might have given peace to Europe, but with Dutch obstinacy declined to do so till he had beaten Louis in the field. About arbitration and a great disarmament-congress we are less sanguine than Mr. Sergeant. We are glad he confesses that "the dominion which has come down to us is a charge which must not be allowed to deteriorate in the hands of a democratic people or Government," though he thinks that for some of "the inexcusable acts of our ancestors we may yet find means to make a noble restitution." He is right and wrong in estimating the force of public opinion on statecraft; here it is immense, in Germany it is still very little. One remark alarms us; from what he says of Belgium we fear he holds that the validity of guarantees is a question of self-interest. His book will well repay careful reading.

Mr. F. C. Selous killed, we think, seventy-eight elephants in his three best years; and his total gamebag from the beginning of 1877 to the end of 1880 was 548 head, including 100 buffaloes and 13 lions. As to the South African lion he differs from most authorities; the creature is not by any means an abject coward, though he is an "unclean feeder," preferring to eat what has been killed by man to taking the trouble of killing for himself. Unless there is a close time for the elephant he must soon become as extinct in South as he has long been in North Africa. He has to dread not only the European but the native. How a Mashuna perched on a tree-bough will drive an assegai with blade $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet long in between the animal's shoulder blades, where, with the heavy shaft swaying to and fro, it is forced deeper and deeper into the wretched beast's vitals, is graphically described. Too graphic,

indeed, are several of Mr. Selous's hunting pictures; after telling us about an elephant which, left for dead with five four-ounce bullets in her body and two in the back of her head, walked away in the night, we don't wonder that he should comment on the tenacity of life of certain antelopes. Happily "A Hunter's Wanderings in South Africa" (Bentley) is not all about killing. Mr. Selous interviewed Secheli, and was witness of the utter devastation caused by native wars, and of the cruel behaviour of Portuguese slave-dealers. These men, apparently, have only to complain to the Governor of Teté that some tribe is injuring Portuguese trade in order to get a permit for chastising (i.e., enslaving) them. Mr. Selous thinks we made a mistake in stopping the gun-trade; Basutos and their neighbours are best without guns, but the tribes of the interior are sorely hindered in their hunting owing to the restriction; and so was Mr. Selous, when he could only get 100lbs. of powder for a whole year; the traders are worse off, the stoppage has ruined most of them. Mr. Selous met Frank Oates, whose life we lately noticed; his own contributions to the natural history of antelopes are considerable; he figures the heads of almost every known species. He assures us that of all beasts the lion is the most easily killed.

This is the age of specialism. A history used to aim at everything, from the tale of a great war to the record of what sort of shoes were worn in a certain reign. But history is now bound to go into such detail about matters legal, political, and ethnological, that, as Mr. Clinton complains, the "drum and trumpet section" is generally crowded out. Hence the *raison d'être* of "From Crécy to Assaye" (F. Warne), of which the maps and plans are a notable feature. The book is a complete military history; and, though we are often assured that history ought not to be a record of battles and alliances, that is no reason why battles should be lost sight of amid the kaleidoscope pictures of national progress. In that progress they form a distinct element; and, after Majuba, the rising generation needs the precious example, as well as the inspiring comfort, of such a work as this. We recommend it as a gift-book for boys. They are sure to like it; and the care with which it is compiled sets it far above most boys' books. In the account of Malplaquet, for instance, where the allies lost 20,000 against 12,000 on the French side, Mr. Clinton is tersely impartial; and we recommend "Young Ireland" to read the story of Fontenoy as he tells it. Naturally we turn to the part relating to the American war, where Howe's incapacity was as marked as that of Burgoyne. He ought to have caught Washington at White Marsh on the Schuylkill as completely as Burgoyne was caught at Saratoga.

Mr. Adolphus Trollope and his wife have done for Italy what the Howitts did for England. In their "Homes and Haunts of the Italian Poets" (Chapman and Hall) they tell us all about Dante and the other famous ancients, as well as about comparative moderns like Giusti and Giuseppe Belli. Metastasio and Leopardi they would probably place in an inferior rank; and other famous names, of old as well as modern poets, are excluded. But those who are treated gain fuller detail from the omissions. Our authors prophesy a renewal of Italian influence on English literature and thought, and they believe that this influence has always been salutary, whereas French influence has been decidedly the reverse. But then Mr. and Mrs. Trollope have been so long living in Italy that they are more Italian than the natives, and therefore are scarcely fair judges on such a point. The book is too long. We are grateful for every fact about Dante and Tasso, and even Alfieri; but one must have a great love of Italian literature and much antecedent acquaintance with it to care for so many pages of detail about Berni or Guarini of the "Pastor Fido." In the case of Dante and Petrarch Mr. Trollope tries to distinguish between the man and the poet in a rather puzzling way.

TWO SONNETS

THE OLD YEAR

Now, when the Year is wearied to descend,—
The more beloved, the yet more swiftly fast!
'Tis sweet, in rich remembrance of the past,
In silent thought to pledge each parted friend!
And, with the heart's rapt harmonies, to blend
The hope, that in the Yonder-land at last,
We meet, where greetings are not overcast
With leaden sorrows as they sadly end!
Shall we not sweeten, with each joy that goes,
A purer purpose for the coming year,
As breezes even from a dying rose
Glean richer fragrance for the meads they cheer:
Each season breathes this solace at its close—
"The summer-sunshine dries the winter's tear!"

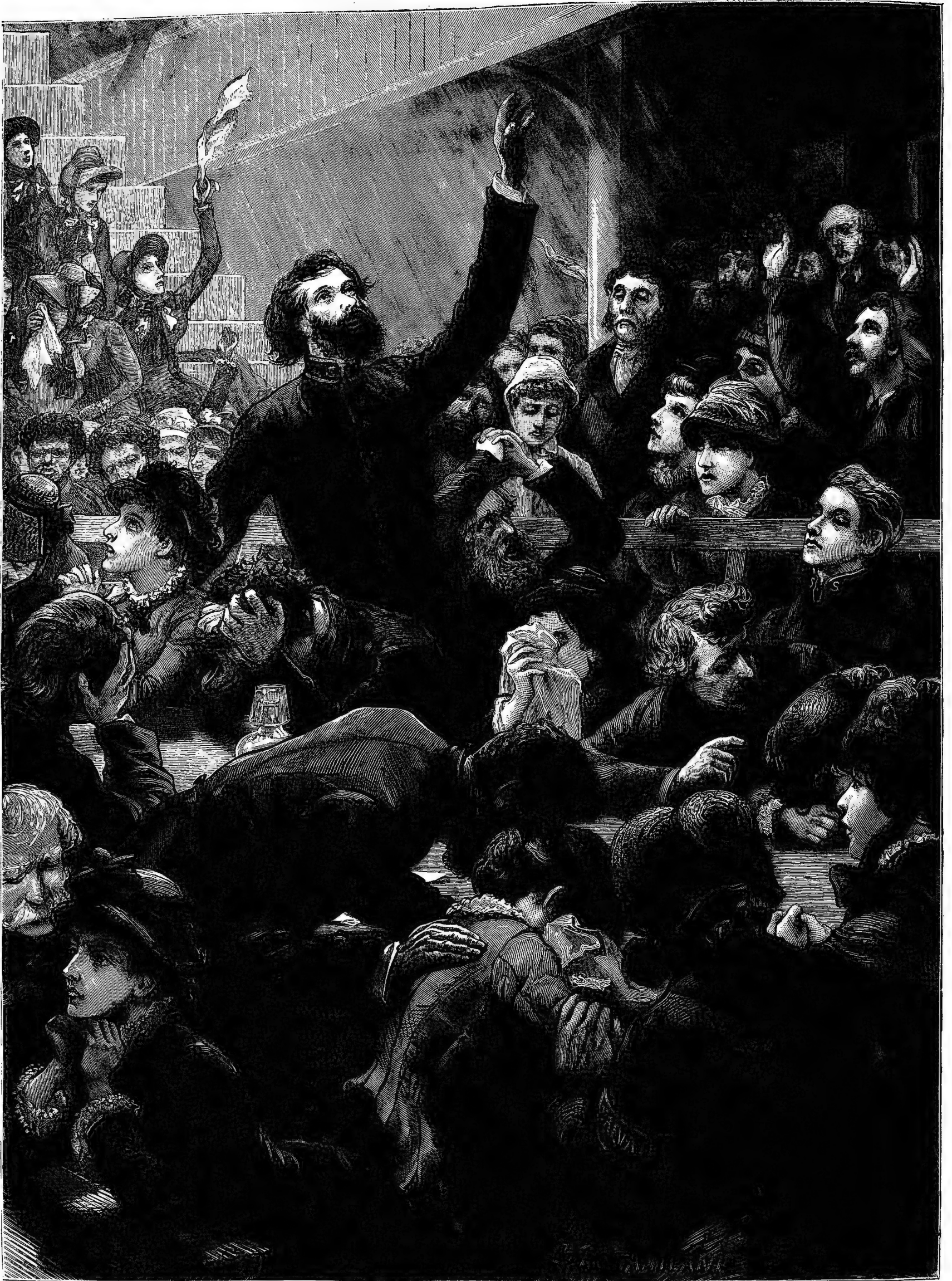
THE NEW YEAR

New Year! we dreamt of thee, e'er ever yet
We grew familiar with thy baby face;
Or trod with slow premeditated pace
Up from the Old Year's tomb, where first we met:
We dreamt of thee, and, dreaming, did forget
The weariness and wear of Life that trace
Its furrows;—for, above thy natal place
Hope's scintillating beacon-star was set!
Oh! glad New Year, I prithee, as we twain
Together tread our pilgrimage of days,
Let us rehearse some sweet harmonious strain;
Perchance some weary wanderer, that strays
Within the solitudes, may find again
His pathway by the pæans of our praise.

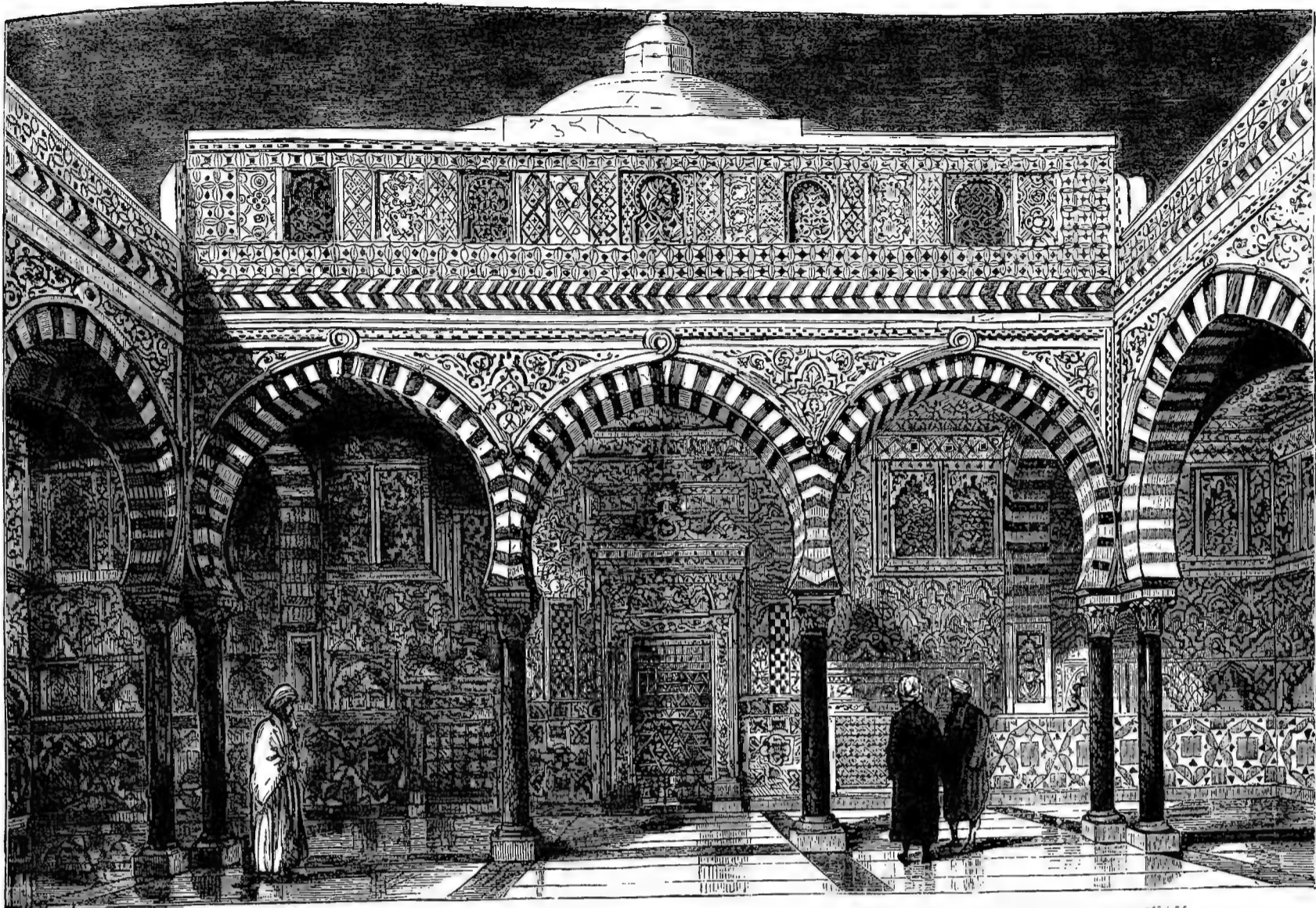
J. W. GILBERT-SMITH

EMPEROR WILLIAM OF GERMANY is said to be one of the kindest masters imaginable to his servants, who never hear a harsh word from him. He spares them trouble on every occasion, and rarely uses the plentiful supply of electric bells and telegraphs in the palace, but is often to be seen in the corridors carrying letters or papers which he hands to the first servant he meets to take to their address. The same leniency prevails in the Crown Prince's household, according to the *American Register*. When his bells are not answered quickly, he remarks mildly that "the wires are again out of order, and need repairing."

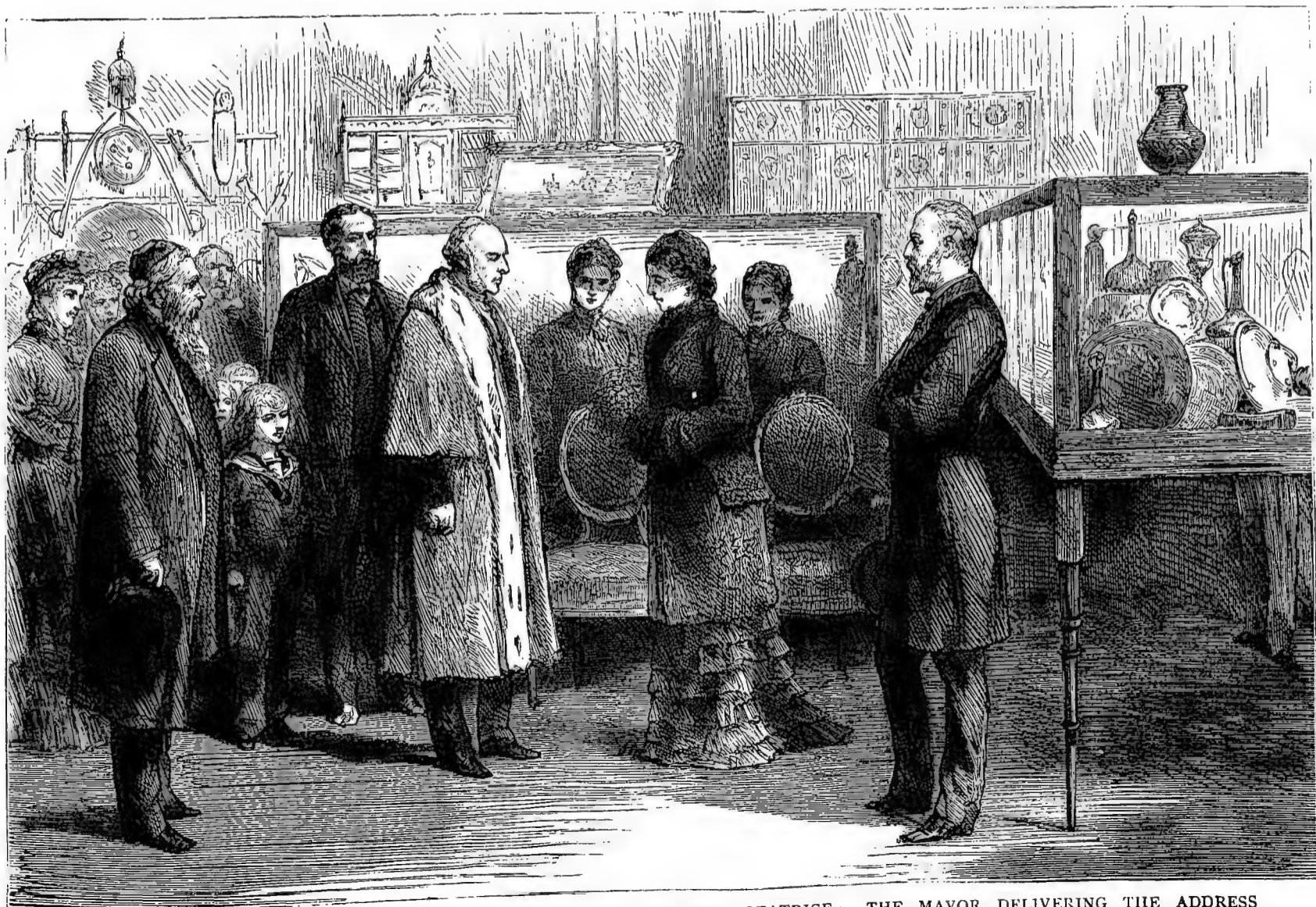
THE PRE-EMINENCE OF THE UNITED STATES is invariably upheld by Americans visiting Europe, and a Transatlantic contemporary tells of a Yankee whose patriotism was exceptionally enthusiastic. Everything he saw in the Old Country he condemned as inferior to the New World, the waterfalls, the rivers, the manufactures were all poor in comparison to those of his own land. One day, when in Rome, he visited the Catacombs, and being tired and rather hazy from the effects of champagne, he sat down in a corner and went to sleep. Some mischievous friends gently moved him into an unoccupied niche for dead bodies, surrounded him with bones and skulls, and hid to await his awakening. Presently he woke up, and after a few minutes' surprise, cried out, "What does this all mean? Skulls and bones, the dead all around me! Why, it's a graveyard. The Resurrection has arrived, and I'm the first man awake. America still ahead!" The name of the paper from which we quote is—*Progress!*



THE SALVATION ARMY—A SERVICE AT THE HEAD-QUARTERS, WHITECHAPEL ROAD



THE FRENCH OCCUPATION OF TUNIS: TOMB OF SIDI ES SAHEB (MY LORD THE COMPANION), KAIRWAN



OPENING THE FINE ART EXHIBITION AT RYDE BY THE PRINCESS BEATRICE: THE MAYOR DELIVERING THE ADDRESS

CHRISTMAS promised to come in, if not with snow, at least with ice and sharp frost. On the 24th boys of the more adventurous sort might have been seen sliding on the smaller ponds, and though the large sheets of water would not bear, yet the film of ice was sufficient to encourage skaters to furbish up their weapons and prepare for an exhilarating time. Such were the expectations of Christmas Eve, but they were doomed to disappointment. "On Christmas Day in the morning" it was fair in London, and even bright in parts of the country. Temperature rose, however, as the day wore on; the ice gradually disappeared, and in many places the evening closed with a drizzle of thin rain. The general holiday of the 26th was of a very unpromising character. Mist and light rain made the country appear of an uniform grey, while a close, mild air robbed even a brisk walk of its exhilaration, and made the pedestrian languid at the end of his first mile. Although the hedges are rich in hips and haws, although holly and mistletoe have an especial wealth of berries, the mildness of the season has been such that robins have built their nests and laid their eggs in Norfolk, and starlings have repeated the same enterprise in Sussex.

HEREFORDS.—Special prominence will be given to this breed at the Reading meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society in July next. The prizes in the Hereford classes have been increased, notably the bull-calf and heifer-calf classes, the produce of 1881. The Hereford Herd Book Society also intend to offer two extra prizes of twenty and ten pounds each for the best cow with two of her offspring. We expect the liberality of the two Societies will attract an extra large number of Hereford exhibits.

THE EARL OF STRADBROKE, who is a practical farmer, as well as the owner of twelve thousand acres in Suffolk, says, "Improvements of a permanent character are seldom made by tenants, and never ought to be done, unless they see a certain prospect of repaying themselves, or by arrangement with their landlord, before any extra expense is incurred, as to how much the landlord is willing to contribute towards a permanent improvement, leaving no money transactions when the lease or term expires. I never allow a tenant to make a permanent improvement, but, if necessary or desirable, do it myself."

LORD RENDLESHAM, M.P., says of the law of distress that it has of late years been a great help to the farmers. But for its existence many landlords could not have let their tenants' rents remain for two years, or even a twelvemonth. Old tenants are universally esteemed; great efforts are made to retain them, but with the law of distress abolished such payment would have to be demanded.

LIVE STOCK AND THE RAILWAYS.—We are glad to hear that the Royal Agricultural Society have invited some of the principal Agricultural Societies in the country to co-operate in making a representation to the various railway companies with regard to the prices charged for the conveyance of live-stock to and from the Shows. Each of the Societies in question has been asked to appoint two members of committee to join a deputation from the Council of the Royal to wait upon the chairman or general manager of the principal railway companies on the subject of the exorbitant charges under which exhibitors suffer.

NEWCASTLE FARMERS' CLUB.—At a meeting of this club last week it was stated by Mr. Henry Wallace, agent of the Ravensworth estates, in the county of Durham, that he had several applications for farms from persons who desired to become tenants, but he had no farms to let. For farms of moderate size on Tyne-side there is no lack of applicants, and for one some three miles distant from Newcastle there have been over a score of applicants. There is thus evidently faith in the future of agriculture in North Durham and South Northumberland.

IRISH DAIRYING.—The travelling educational dairy of the Royal Irish Agricultural Society has instituted many Irish Shows, and has also been on view at the residences of many landed proprietors. It has been the means of raising the standard of Irish butter, so long unsaleable in the English market, to a somewhat less unsatisfactory position.

The CELERY FLY has been abundant this season. The fly is double-brooded. As soon as the celery plants of our trenches are sufficiently advanced the laying of the eggs of the first brood is effected. The young larvae are very vivacious, and the blotch in the dark green leaves is soon noticeable. Each week it becomes bigger and more unsightly; when the larvae are full-fed they creep forth, and dropping to the ground change into yellowish pupæ. As its names signifies, the fly prefers the celery plant; at the same time its larvae will eat several other plants, and will give their attention to umbelliferous as well as composite vegetation.

YORK HORSE FAIR was held last week. A large number of horses were shown; the attendance of buyers was also large, and sales were active. Anything possessing quality in the nag or roadster class was eagerly bought up. Good agricultural horses fetched decidedly high rates. A number of foreign purchases occurred. Hunters made from ninety to three hundred guineas, and there was a good demand both for Irish animals and for horses known for their quality in neighbouring hunts.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A fine seal has recently been taken alive off Berry Head, Torbay.—The Lord Mayor of London has signified his desire to become a life member of the Royal Agricultural Society.—

At Gloucester Cheese Fair, the last of the season, only a small supply was on offer. Prices were low, and ranged from 50s. to 52s. per cwt.—The Duke of Cleveland has remitted 50 per cent. of the rents of tenants farming arable, and 20 per cent. of rents of tenants farming pasture lands.

THE MECHE FUND.—Of the 5,000*l.* originally proposed to be raised on behalf of Mrs. Mechi and her four daughters, all but 300*l.* has now been collected. The fund is to be kept open for a short time longer, before investing the money, in hopes of securing this sum. Contributions can be sent either to Mr. C. Bousfield Shaw, the hon. secretary, or to Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P., at the offices of the fund, 26, Charles Street, St. James's, S.W.

MESSRS. FRANCIS BROTHERS AND DAY.—The influx of comic songs from all quarters this Christmas is more severe than usual, but if they are to be tolerated at all it is at the festive season when even the most severe classical musicians are known to "do their foolings cheerfully." The Mohawk Minstrels come to the fore with no less than four magazines full of fun and sentiment by turns, the former decidedly in the larger proportion. We must not omit to mention that "These songs may be sung by anybody, anywhere," no unimportant matter for amateurs who give their services at Penny Readings and charity concerts, but cannot give a fee. In these four numbers will be found comic songs enough for the most devoted admirer of the species. Besides these cheap books we have some single songs, with gaudy, not to say vulgar, frontispieces, more suitable for the smoking-room than the drawing-room, although they are very fair types of the burlesque school. Harry Hunter supplies the comic words for "I Can't Stand Mrs. Green's Mother," music by Walter Redmond; "Roley Poley Jam," which is not so amusing, although the music, by Edmund Foreman, is better than the first-named song; and "On Monday I Met Mary Ann."—A sentimental song which is very popular with patrons of the Mohawks is "Just Down the Lane," written and composed by Sidney Barnes. But the cleverest and most original of the whole facetious budget is "The Lord Mayor's Coachman," which tells of a coachman who undertakes to drive from the Mansion House to Buckingham Palace without passing through a street. The map of the route given is most ingenious, and shows the ingenuity of Harry Hunter, who wrote the witty words to music by David Day.—"Good Bye, Emily Jane," written and composed by G. D. Fox, is somewhat feeble, and lacks the drollery which makes us condone the vulgarity of the genuine minstrel composer.—"Oh, Lor, Oh, Lor! Oh, Dear, Oh, Dear!" a cynical song, words by Messrs. F. W. Green and O. Allen, music by E. Foreman, was "written expressly for the pantomimes," and is scarcely up even to their standard.—There is a dismal drollery in "We Are a Merry Family," with its doleful frontispiece; the words are by T. S. Lonsdale, music by W. C. Eaton.—Last on the comic list comes a tale of a henpecked, or, rather mother-in-law-ridden husband, who pathetically exclaims "What a Fool I Must Have Done to Marry Jane!" written and composed by T. W. Barrett. "Francis and Day's Violin Tutor" sounds instructive, but more than clever must be the student who from the eight pages of instruction for the study of that instrument can learn to play the forty pages of familiar tunes contributed by the Mohawk Minstrels.

A further proof of the excellency of "Smallwood's Pianoforte Tutor" is given in the fact that it has arrived at its one hundred and nineteenth edition.—Célan Kottaun has already won public favour with "Le Bijou Gavotte" and "Danse de Czechs," which were sure encores whenever performed at the Promenade Concerts, Covent Garden and elsewhere.—"The Mandarin's Festival" is also a favourite pianoforte piece by the same composer; whilst "La Première Danseuse" and "La Mantilla" will not meet with the same general approval.—"Danse de Satyrs," a *caprice* for the pianoforte, by Charles Le Thièrre, is a pleasing drawing-room piece.—Some good specimens of dance music come from this firm. "Dance Album of Original Compositions" is a good companion for a carpet dance; its varied contents are by popular composers, and its cover is seasonable.—"Playful Kittens," a so-called "Polka Travestie," by J. H. Young, is a pretty and showy pianoforte piece, but the time is not well-marked for dancing.—"The Russian Parade March," by Fred Godfrey, is a spirited and taking *morceau*.—"Rosentara Valse" and "Lawn Tennis Polka," by G. D. Fox, arranged by Chas. Godfrey, are more attractive *in re* their gorgeous frontispieces than their musical contents.—The same may be said of "Grand Lodge Masonic Walt," by Bro. Charles Godfrey.—"L'Amourette Polka" and "Mirabel Valse," by Charles Le Thièrre are tuneful and danceable, although not remarkable for originality.—All the popular though hackneyed tunes of the day are skillfully introduced by Warwick Williams in the "Day and Night Quadrilles" the frontispiece to which is striking if not graceful.

MESSRS. PATERSONS, SONS, AND CO.—“The Viola Waltzes,” by J. McLachlan, may be ranked amongst the most successful of the season; they are melodious and dance-provoking.—The same cannot be said of “The Bailie Galop,” by David Williams, which is commonplace and destitute of originality.—By the same composer is a clever “Polka Brillante,” which merits its title.

SUCH SENSITIVE SCALES are used in the New York Assay Office that if two equal pieces of paper are put in the balance the mere writing of a name on one piece turns the scale.

THE LONG VACATION.—Lord Coleridge's very moderate proposal to shorten the Long Vacation by cutting off two days at the beginning and a week at the end, has been rejected as inexpedient by the Council of Judges. The reasons urged are the heavy and continuous strain, mental and physical, to which they and the leaders of the Bar are subjected while the Courts are open; and the hardships to suitors, solicitors, officers, witnesses, and jurors which would result from the alteration. Considering the great mass of legal business in arrears, it was perhaps scarcely wise to challenge the attention of Parliament to the whole subject in such a manner. Their Lordships now enjoy 127 days' holiday in the year; whilst in term-time the Courts are only open from ten till four.

SIR ROBERT LUSH, LORD JUSTICE OF APPEAL, who was in his seventy-fifth year, and had been ailing for a considerable time, died on Tuesday. We reserve our memoir, as we shall shortly publish his portrait.

THE BRIBERY SENTENCES.—The Home Secretary, in reply to the memorials for the remission of these sentences, has written expressing his regret at not being able to find in them such reasons as would justify him in advising the Crown to interfere. Mackie, one of the Deal men, has, however, been released by his order, the prison surgeon having certified that he was suffering from rheumatic gout, and that further confinement would endanger his life. The memorial was signed by 43,841 people, including 32 peers, 75 M.P.s, and 1,100 clergymen. The Duke of Westminster has contradicted the statement that he signed the memorial.

ST. PAUL'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.—The Public Prosecutor has reported that no criminal proceedings can be instituted in this case, as the evidence would not support a criminal charge. Sir William Harcourt, in sending this news to the London School Board, adds that he proposes that a Royal Commission on the whole system shall be issued. This is satisfactory so far as it goes, but we think that the public have a right to know whether Mr. Scrutton and Mr. Hinchcliffe have or have not been falsely accused.

CHRISTMAS AT DARTMOOR CONVICT PRISON was to have been kept on Monday, as the actual anniversary fell on a Sunday, but at the last moment the governor received a telegram from the Director of Convict Prisons that work must go on as usual, as the country could not afford to keep convicts in idleness.

AN ESCAPE FROM A LUNATIC ASYLUM.—After twenty-two years' detention, a Mr. Elliot, who was confined in the Kent County Lunatic Asylum at Barming Heath, has escaped, with the assistance of several friends, who provided him with disguises and means of conveyance to the Continent, whence he has returned after the lapse of the fourteen days beyond which he can only be legally rearrested after due process at law. He of course asserts that he is sane; but, on the other hand, it is alleged that he is afflicted with homicidal mania, and that while he is at liberty his wife's life is in danger. A very sensational narrative of his escape has appeared in the daily papers, but the exciting details are, probably, the result of exaggeration.

ANOTHER BIG JEWELLERY ROBBERY has been effected, the loser being Miss Claughton, the daughter of the Bishop of St. Alban's, who, while the guest of Lord Essex at Cassiobury, Watford, last week, had some 300*l.* worth of trinkets carried off from her bedroom, the thieves getting clear away with their booty.

A SHOCKING OCCURRENCE took place at the Oxford Music Hall, Brighton, on Tuesday. One of the performers was a Chinaman, named Ling Look, who, after exhibiting a number of feats, such as sword-swallowing, fire-eating, and the like, proceeded to balance a cannon upon a sword, part of which was thrust into his throat. The weapon was pointed towards the gallery, and when it was fired the paper wad struck one of the spectators, a lad named Smythe, and killed him instantly, his skull being literally shattered to pieces. The event created great excitement, and cries of "fire" being raised, there was a tremendous rush towards the doors, but fortunately no one was hurt. Ling Look is now in custody on remand, charged with having caused the death of the lad.

A NATIONAL ARCHÆOLOGICAL MUSEUM is to be founded at Olympia for the display of the treasures unearthed during recent excavations.

THE ENGLISH NATION have been widely accused of introducing drunkenness in company with civilisation, and it seems as if the lesson had been learned by the Supreme Legislative Council of India, which is now considering a Bill to prohibit the use of intoxicating drugs, except for medicinal purposes, in the Province of Burmah. It is urged that the Burmese do not know of the drugs, and thus cannot need them, that the drugs are mostly used by immigrants from India, and that they are more injurious than opium.

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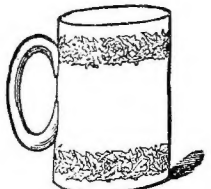
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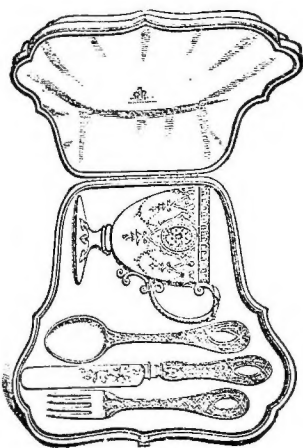
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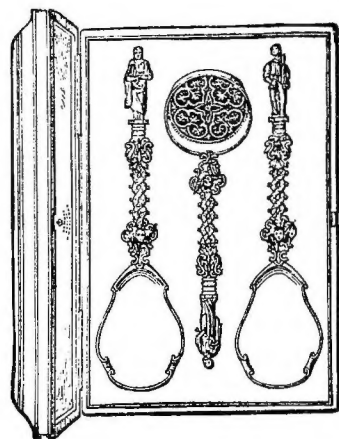
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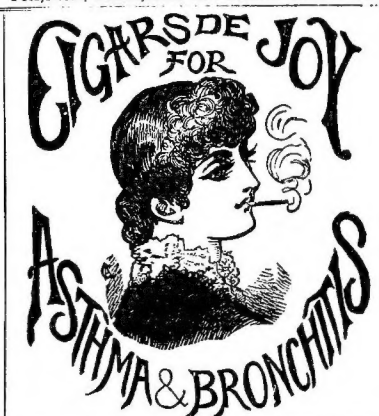
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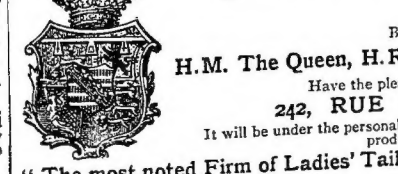
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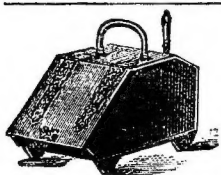
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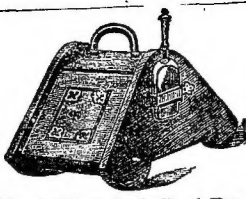
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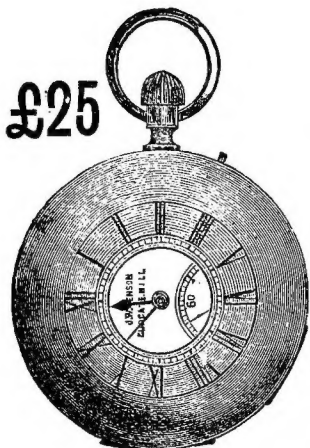
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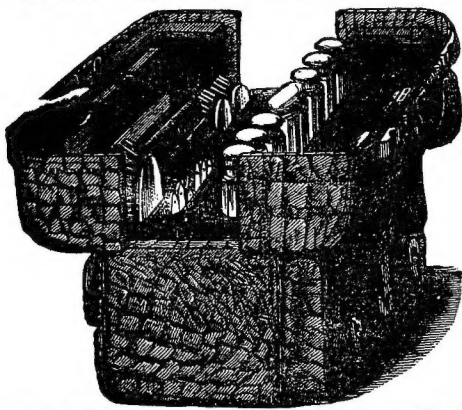
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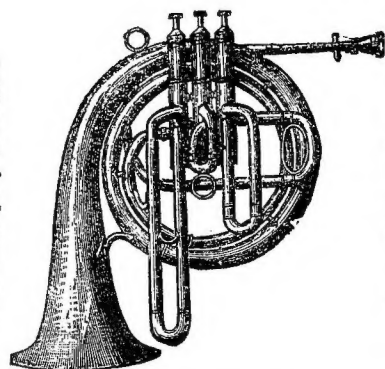
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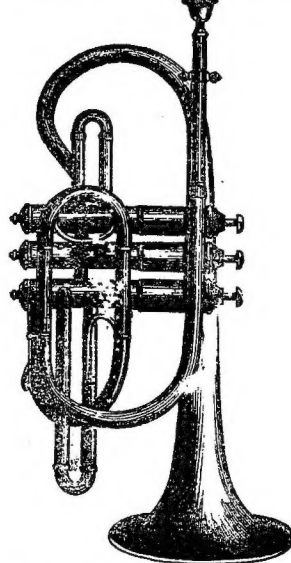
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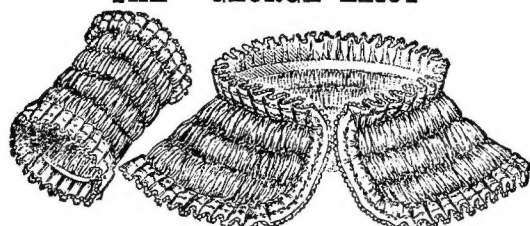
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